

THE,  
**ECLECTIC**  
 AND  
**CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.**

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# THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

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## I.

### THE HEROES OF INDIAN SERVICE.\*

MR. ARTHUR HELPS, in his *Conquest of Spanish America*, after narrating some generously heroic action performed by an Indian chief on behalf of a brother chieftain, adds, "It is such deeds as these we love to tell our children, that they may learn what actions great men do." As such is the impression on the mind after reading Mr. Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, the stories of such lives should be recited to our children, that they may learn how great men are made. "I wish," says Mr. Kaye, in his prefatory remarks, "that the youth of England should see in these volumes what men, merely by the force of their own personal characters, can do for their country in India, and what they can do for themselves." And we imagine this design will be fully realised, and the painstaking labours of the author completely rewarded by his work giving additional motive and incentive to heroic action, and to lives of brave, manly duty; for it is impossible for such a work as Mr. Kaye's to fail in accomplishing, to some extent, the contemplated end. Read, as it will be by numbers, at the age when a romantic fervour throbs and pulsates through the veins and the soul—at the age when ineffaceable impressions are most readily received, and sympathies for what is heroic and grand in human action and life are easily kindled; the age, as Wordsworth says, before the

Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
About the growing boy.

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*Lives of Indian Officers, illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Services of India.* By John William Kaye. 2 volumes. A. Strahan and Co.; and Bell and Daldy.

It is in this way such works as the *Lives of Indian Officers* prove of inestimable value, and are to be regarded, apart from their value as contributions to history and literature, as powerful moral agents in fostering noble thought and intention, and in giving additional stimulus to those who have already begun to tread the upward path of honourable effort. Lives of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, lives devoted to the welfare of others, lives spent in promoting their country's glory, or in accomplishing great undertakings, can never be recited in vain, or prove useless to the young of any age or nation. On the contrary,

The heights by great men reach'd and kept,

will be traced with a glow of enthusiasm, and a yearning desire will be kindled in the heart to accomplish similar achievements; and when such a desire as this takes possession of the soul, and gives a colour to the early actions and dawning life of the young man, it does more than almost anything else to keep the nature pure and free from mean, sordid, and base motives.

The volumes are a kind of biographical history of India, dating from the administration of Lord Cornwallis, in the year 1786, to the year of the great sepoy rebellion, in 1857, and are a record of the lives of some of those officers who have helped to build up and consolidate our great Indian empire—a fruitful theme for any author's pen, and not to be exhausted by two or three series of volumes similar in size and interest to those now before us; and we know of no writer so capable of continuing what he has so ably begun as Mr. Kaye himself. Not only has he written many previous works on India, but he is likewise personally acquainted with the country, and also closely allied by ties of friendship to very many of those who have helped to make its history. The lives are all pleasingly and graphically told; public, private, and domestic virtues and incidents are so admirably blended together as to relieve each other, like the darker and brighter colours in a painting, so that the reader gains a good conception and knowledge, not only of the actions which made their names worthy of being enshrined in history, but of those moral qualities which impart dignity to character, and endear their possessors to the hearts and memories of those who were privileged to class them in the number of their friends. A tinge of romance appears to colour the lives of all; and this is not surprising, when we remember that, with one exception, they each left England at an age when most others of their standing in society were still at school, to carve out for themselves a pathway to fortune and to fame, in a country so compa-



ratively unknown fifty years since (and so little known even now) as India, where customs, language, and scenery were something so directly opposite to their home-life in England. A kind of mythic atmosphere seemed, to many minds, to surround India, which De Quincey well expresses when he says:—"The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, above all, of their mythologies, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. . . . Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the sanctity of the Ganges, or the very name of the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings that Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions." These are, in a lesser or greater degree, the undefined feelings with which India has been regarded, floating in the minds of many. What wonder, then, that those who have plunged into the thick of life there, should be viewed by their friends at home as enveloped in a halo of romance. All who read these volumes, and whose natures sympathise with what is grand in human character and action, cannot fail to be touched by the lives so clearly and ably drawn by our author. Natures strong, bright, and impulsive, seeing, as it were intuitively, what work was to be done, and eager and willing to do it, almost rebellious if not allowed to do it; others again, calm, self-reliant and self-contained, doing noble and praiseworthy work for their country, and for the people with whom they were surrounded, and yet, withal, having implicit trust and faith in the overruling providence of God, and in the hurry and press of occupation, and in the midst of strife and danger, finding time to seek help, strength, and guidance by prayer, and at last meeting, it may be, a hero's death in the storm and rage of battle, or finding a nameless grave away from friends, and amongst those who had treacherously murdered them.

The volumes commence with the life of Lord Cornwallis, a man possessing no brilliancy of genius or high mental endowments, but a large amount of clear, practical good sense, with uprightness and integrity of character, who acted from a conscientious idea of duty, and who loved to do his work well. It was judicious of Mr. Kaye to make Lord Cornwallis the first of his heroes in the *Lives of Indian Officers*, for it was his administration that made the other lives pos-

sible, and by the work he performed cleared a pathway for his successors to rise into eminence and fame. The reader gains a tolerable conception of the work Lord Cornwallis accomplished in India by the slight and rapid sketch our author gives us of the progress and condition of the East India Company. The social morality of the Company's servants was at a very low ebb when Lord Cornwallis arrived in India; drinking, gambling, quarrelling, and licentiousness everywhere prevailed. Against all this Lord Cornwallis resolutely set his face. Mr. Kaye says, "It was soon known that hard drinking and high play were distasteful to Lord Cornwallis, and would be discountenanced by him. And from that time a steady improvement supervened upon the social morality of the presidency. People began to keep earlier hours; there was less of roystering and of gambling than before his arrival, and as a natural result, less duelling and suicide, both of which were fearfully rampant at the time of Lord Cornwallis's arrival in Calcutta." Indeed, previous to his arrival, disorder and quarrelling among the Company's servants were continually taking place, both in and out of the council, frequently ending in bloodshed. Bad as it was at the close of the eighteenth century, it was not quite so lawless as at its commencement, when we are informed that "the president kept his councillors in order with a staff, and sometimes enforced his authority with such a lavish expenditure of blows, that human nature could not bear up without complaining. One unfortunate member of the civil service of the period complained that he had received from the president 'two cuts 'in the head, the one very long and deep, the other a slight thing in comparison to that; then a great blowe on my left arme, which has inflamed the shoulder, and deprived me of the use of that limbe; on my right side a blowe on my ribs, just beneath the pap, which is a stoppage to my breath, and makes me incapable of helping myself; on my left hip another, nothing inferior to the first; but, above all, a cut on the brow of my eye.'" Lord Cornwallis did not have recourse to any such violence to enforce his wishes. Opposition, however, he did meet with (as what reformer does not?), both in India and from the Company in England, especially when the accomplishment of his wishes touched the Company's purse. Eager though they were for increased profits from their various establishments, they were yet so short-sighted as to pay their servants the lowest possible sum for wages, making up the deficiency by allowing each one to trade for himself, which they did, much to the detriment of their employers, by considering "self first, and Company afterwards." The folly of this system was soon ap-

parent to Lord Cornwallis, who immediately began to apply the only effectual remedy that would in any way remove it—viz., by “paying the servants in proportion to the risks which they incurred and the inconveniences to which they were subjected;” but it was only by the earnest and repeated recommendation of the Governor-General that the Company gave their assent to his contemplated measure, which, however, he had practically anticipated. Another source of opposition to the progress of Indian reform consisted in being hampered by claimants for lucrative appointments; which claimants, however, had no claim upon the Company or the Governor-General, with the exception of a letter of recommendation from some influential personages in England, who adopted this easy method of getting rid of troublesome petitioners. To this Lord Cornwallis was strenuously opposed; he had refused all personal applications of a similar kind previous to leaving England; and now he wrote to his friend Lord Sydney, “I am still persecuted every day by people coming out with letters to me, who either get into jail or starve in the foreign settlements. For God’s sake, do all in your power to stop this madness.” And to one applicant, who had come out to India with the usual letter of recommendation, he writes, “If I was inclined to serve you, it is wholly out of my power to do it, without a breach of my duty. I most earnestly advise you to think of returning to England as soon as possible; after the 1st of January next, I shall be under the necessity of sending you thither.” A seemingly harsh, but, we imagine, a very effectual way of dismissing a claimant, and one somewhat different to that rumoured to have been employed by Lord Clive in a similar instance, and which our author, quoting from a speech of Lord Macaulay’s, gives us in a footnote. It was during the second reading of the India Bill of 1853 that Lord Macaulay, alluding to these adventurers, said:—

“These were the sort of men who took no office, but simply put the Governor-General to a species of ransom. They laid upon him a sort of tax—what the Mahrattas call *chout*, and the Scotch black-mail; that is, the sum paid to a thief, in consideration that he went away without doing harm. There was a tradition in Calcutta, where the story was very circumstantially told and generally believed, that a man came out with a letter of strong recommendation from one of the ministers during Lord Clive’s second administration. Lord Clive saw that he was not only unfit for, but would positively do harm in, any office, and said, in his peculiar way, “Well, chap, how much do you want?” Not being accustomed to be spoken to so plainly, the man replied, that he only hoped for some situation in which his services might be useful. “That is no answer, chap,” said Lord Clive: “How much do you want?”



Will one hundred thousand pounds do?" The person replied, that he should be delighted if, by laborious service, he could obtain that competence. Lord Clive then wrote out an order for the sum at once, and told the applicant to leave India by the ship he came in, and when in England again, to remain there.

Difficulties somewhat retarded reform; but Lord Cornwallis was not the man to succumb under difficulties, however formidable; on the contrary, he calmly, but steadily and resolutely, did the work he thought was needed, and when he left India, after seven years' administration, it was with the conscious knowledge and proud satisfaction that he had wrought great beneficial changes in, and improved the character of, the public service of our Indian empire.

It is impossible to speak at any length of all the various characters contained in the work before us; yet still it seems somewhat arbitrary and invidious to select any one particular life on which to dilate, where all are noble and praiseworthy, and all exceedingly interesting. But among the five biographies that occupy the pages of the first volume, that of Sir Charles Metcalfe struck us as being one presenting many phases peculiarly attractive, and at the same time affording valuable instruction and suggestion. The characteristic merits of Sir Charles Metcalfe's life will be readily discerned by the reader, as he traces his career from the time when, as a dreaming schoolboy at Eton, "he was "wont to pace the cloisters, and think of the days to come, in "which he might make for himself a place in history as a great "orator, a great statesman, a great soldier, or as the liberator of "an oppressed race," till that in which all these dreams were realised, and in his old age he reached the climax of his ambitious hopes, though scarcely able to drag his weary and worn body to the House of Lords, and take his seat as a peer of the realm. At the age of fifteen, still a boy, he was removed from his "much-loved Eton," and sent out to India to make for himself a fortune and a name. He first set foot in that country in the year 1801, and was the first student who signed the Statute Book of the College of Fort William, then recently founded by Lord Wellesley. Like a great many more men who became famous in history, Charles Metcalfe, after the first novelty of his Indian life had passed, grew weary and despondent, wrote home to say "that he hated India," and that all his future happiness depended on being allowed to return again to England. The answer he received to his request to leave India, was a letter of encouragement from his father and a *box of pills* from his mother, who accompanied the gift with a letter, in which she



wrote, "You may laugh at my sending them, but I think "you are bilious, and they will be of great service." So Charles, who in the meantime had recovered from his depression, stayed in India, where he soon found useful occupation in Lord Wellesley's office, who possessed sufficient discernment to perceive there was something more than ordinary intelligence in the young lad Metcalfe. In the year 1804, when only nineteen years of age, he was appointed political assistant to General Lake, then Commander-in-Chief of the army; but the old general and his staff were more inclined to sneer at the "boy-civilian" as a "non-combatant clerk" than to respect him, which, Mr. Kaye informs us, "young Metcalfe got some inkling "of, and quietly bided his time. An opportunity soon came. The army was before the strong fortress of Deeg. The storming party was told off, and the "non-combatant clerk" volunteered to accompany it. He was one of the first to enter the breach. This excited the admiration of the old general, who made most honourable mention of him in his despatch, and ever afterwards, throughout the campaign, spoke of him as his "little stormer." This proved that Metcalfe possessed courage, and was not to be sneered at with impunity. Some time after this the "little "stormer" was sent as "assistant to the resident at Delhi." The resident was a character Metcalfe could not much respect, being a man much given to the language of flattery, and "who had "been represented in a caricature of the day as saluting Satan "with a compliment, and wishing 'long life and prosperity to "his majesty.'" But it was while at Delhi that young Metcalfe exhibited another honourable trait in his character; he found his expenses far exceeded his income, and became deeply involved in debt, without, apparently, any prospect of liquidating it. However, while still in doubt and perplexity as to the ways and means of clearing off his liabilities, new duties were added to the routine of his work, with an increase of income. "He determined to convert this addition to his salary into a sinking fund "for the payment of his debts, and resolutely adhering to the "design, he paid them off to the last sixpence without any "foreign aid, and soon laid the foundation of a fortune." In the year 1808, Metcalfe had an opportunity of exhibiting his skill as a diplomatist in the mission to Lahore, to which he was appointed, and the negotiations were successfully accomplished between himself and Runjet Singh, the Sikh ruler; so successful indeed, that young Metcalfe received the thanks of the Government for the zeal and ability with which he had conducted the difficult transactions. In his twenty-sixth year he was resident at Delhi, and was able to save £3,000 yearly from his salary. It is a some-

what touching trait in the character of the Indian heroes of Mr. Kaye's work, that they one and all possessed at times, or rather always, an intense yearning for England and home. While gaining honour abroad, while accumulating fortune in the subtleties of diplomatic missions, or in the strife of war, the desire is continually peeping out, either in the letters written home, or in the words spoken to friends. One yearns to behold the faces of his children, whom he has left behind in England; another longs to embrace his wife, from whom he has been separated so long; while a third wishes to be again by the side of the mother whose stay and comfort he is. Domestic loves and affections burnt strongly in the bosoms of all, and spread their genial glow over their whole nature, softening and refining their hearts. In the midst of all his responsibilities, Lord Cornwallis could be "sustained by the thoughts of his Suffolk home." "Let me know that you are well, and that you are doing well," he wrote to his children, "and I can be happy, even in Calcutta." Of Sir John Malcolm we are told "there were times when he felt very isolated and companionless, a solitary man in a strange land, and his heart often turned restlessly to England, as though there alone the blessings of domestic life was to be found," and his thoughts continually turned to his old home at "Burnfoot." And of Sir Alexander Burnes, Mr. Kaye writes, that his "heart, untravelled, was ever fondly turning to his family at Montrose;" and himself writes, "how dearly should I like to see little Charley or Cecilia trudging into my canvas abode." Brave, impulsive General Neill was ever longing to be with his wife and little ones far away in England; and grand, noble John Nicholson never failed to think of the mother who almost idolised her brave son. And so with the rest. Charles Metcalfe, in the thick of his prosperous career, thought that nothing could be a recompense sufficient to compensate for not seeing his father or mother for so many years. In the year 1835 he reached the topmost step of the ladder in his Indian career, having attained to the dignity of Governor-General. "The dreams of the Eton cloisters" had become substantial realities. Further honours, however, were still in store, and he became in succession Governor of Jamaica and Governor-General of Canada; and, while in Canada, after forty-five years' work and waiting, he reached the ultimate pinnacle of his most ambitious hopes—he was made a peer of the realm. But he felt it came "too late." The worn-out and disease-stricken statesman felt that the honour would "not add one jot to the happiness" he still hoped to enjoy, by living in retirement with his sister. He died in the year 1846. "The last sounds," we are told, "which reached him were the

"sweet strains of his sister's harp. 'How sweet those sounds  
"are!' he was heard to whisper, almost with his dying breath."

It will not be surprising to the readers of Mr. Kaye's work to find that many of the Indian heroes gave early indications of what metal and stuff they were made. When John Malcolm, a mere lad of twelve years of age, went to pass at the India House, he was nothing daunted by the "august assemblage of directors." They themselves were pleased with the good looks and youthful appearance of the lad; and one of their number inquired, "My little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do," answered the boyish aspirant, "why, sir, I would out with my sword and cut off his head!" And this spirit of buoyish confidence never seems to have deserted him, but, obtained for him, in scenes of difficulty, danger, and general depression, the cognomen of "Boy Malcolm." Eldred Pottinger exhibited early proofs of his love of military life and adventure. He was ever playing with gunpowder, erecting fortifications, superintending mimic sieges and battles, and reading, with the delightful abandonment so characteristic of boys, books of travel, war, and famous sieges; thus shadowing forth in his boyish sports and amusements indications of the military talents for which he was afterwards so famous as the defender of Herat, but which never came to their full fruition, because of his early death at the age of thirty-two years. The bold, brave, fearless, and independent General Neill gave early symptoms of what the man was to become; for when not five years of age he one morning left his home, and was absent for many hours, much to the consternation of the whole household, who were all fearful that some accident had happened to the child. However, some time during the latter part of the day, "his father observed him coming, with leisurely composure, homeward, across a long, dangerous embankment, which confined the water of Barnwell Loch. His father went to meet him, and anxiously asked, 'Where have you been, Jamie?' 'Well,' replied the boy, 'I just thought I'd like to take a long walk, and look at all things as I went on, and see whether I could get home by myself. And *I have done it!*' he added proudly; 'and now I am to have no more nursery-maids running after me—I can manage myself.'" This fearless independence of spirit came out in full play and force during the great sepoy rebellion of 1857. When at Benares, he took all responsibility upon himself, and when civilians wished for a council of war to decide upon future operations, he "*put a stop to that nonsense.*" And further on, at Allahabad, the same indomitable spirit supported him when,



beneath the fierce rays of an Indian sun, he had to walk "at least one mile through burning river sand," and only lived by "having water dashed" over him; but he did exist through it, although others that were with him were killed by the fierce noonday sun; and he himself, writing to his wife from Allahabad, says:—"I was quite done up by my dash from Benares, and getting into the fort in that noonday heat. I was so exhausted for days, that I was obliged to lie down constantly. I could only sit up for a few minutes at a time, and when our attacks were going on, I was obliged to sit down in the batteries and give my orders and directions. I had always the greatest confidence in myself; and although I felt almost dying from complete exhaustion, yet I kept up heart, and here I am, God be praised, as well as ever, only a little thinner. For several days I drank champagne-and-water to keep me up." Of such stuff as this our Indian heroes were made; and perhaps one of the most beautifully heroic lives the work of Mr. Kaye contains is that of Sir Henry Lawrence. He had the tenderness of a woman combined with the chivalry of a Sir Philip Sydney, and the firm, unswerving faith of a Christian, and his whole life was characterised by noble acts of usefulness and Christian charity. He appeared to possess, in an eminent degree, the power of binding with the ties of love and admiration all with whom he ever came in contact. And his biographer, summing up his character, says, "He was personally one of the most gentle, loving, and compassionate of men; and in his relations with the great world around him he was essentially charitable and forbearing." He, with the help of his noble wife, founded the "Lawrence Asylum," for the home and education of the children of the European soldiers. To improve and firmly establish, as institutions of the country, these asylums, was one of his chief aims throughout his Indian career; and when dying, at Lucknow, from the effects of a bombshell, which had shattered his thigh, he still thought of them, and repeatedly said, "Remember the asylum; do not let them forget the asylum." A thoroughly active man was this Sir Henry Lawrence, whom no dangers daunted or difficulties overcame, but who "tried to do his duty," and in no way whatever restricting the rendering of the word duty, on the contrary, giving it the widest possible margin. He did all he could to ameliorate the condition of the natives to whatever part of India his duty called him; and his deepest sympathies were always stirred on behalf of poor prisoners confined in the loathsome and wretched gaols of the country, and he made it his especial object, in all his journeys, to visit the gaols on his route. He continually advocated the expediency of improved gaol discipline, not only by word of mouth, and by



letter, and 'official documents, but likewise by many articles he contributed to the *Calcutta Review*. In his literary labours, in all his plans and endeavours for alleviating the condition of the people of India, he found a staunch supporter and most able coadjutor in his most admirable wife, who cheerfully shared his labours, his dangers, and inconveniences, helping him in all things, and becoming one, in fact, with her noble husband. One who knew them well says—when Lawrence was a revenue surveyor—“On one occasion, after his marriage, we had to enclose a large tract of the Dhoon, at a season of the year when Europeans had never ventured to expose themselves, so he took one side of the area himself, and gave me the other side, and we were to meet. It was a dense jungle at the foot of the Nepaul hills, intersected with forest trees—a famous tiger tract. The dews were so heavy, that my bed under a small tent was wet through. Fires were kept constantly lighted to keep off the tigers and wild elephants, which gave unmistakeable indication of their proximity, and it was not till eleven or twelve o'clock that the fog cleared sufficiently to permit of our laying a theodolite. It was in such a tract that, after three or four days, we connected our survey, and when we met, to my surprise, I found Mrs. Lawrence with him. She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her feet overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. In such roughings this admirable wife delighted to share; while, at other times, seldom under circumstances of what other people call comfort, she would lighten his labours by reading works he wished to consult, and by making notes and extracts to which he wished to refer in his literary compositions. She was one in a thousand; a woman highly gifted in mind, and of a most cheerful disposition, and fell into his ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality, with no attempt at external appearance of luxury or refinement. She would share with him the wretched accommodation of the ‘castles’—little better than cowsheds—of the Khytul district, and be the happiest of the happy. Or we would find her sharing a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bed-room and dressing-room from the hospital breakfast-table, and then both were in their glory.” With such a wife did Sir Henry Lawrence pursue his eminently honourable and useful career till the year 1856, when she sickened and died. He felt it was “a crushing blow, and though he bowed himself resigned to it, ‘the difference’ was keenly felt by him in every hour of his life. The loss of his helpmate preyed upon his

"spirits and sorely affected his health." However, it was not very many years after that they were again reunited; at Lucknow he met a soldier's death, and found a soldier's grave, for while he was being buried, so fiercely did the rebellious sepoy make their attacks, that no officer was able to leave his post to follow his beloved commander to the grave.

We linger delightedly over the records of the lives of the men figuring in the pages of Mr. Kaye's work, and pass reluctantly by, without notice, many honoured names. The grand Nicholson, with his superb physique, whose life reads like that of some mythic hero, and whom Lord Dalhousie called a "tower of strength," and whom the natives called "Nikkul Seyn," and came to the conclusion that the good Mohammedans of historic ages were just like "Nikkul Seyn!" and of whom his friend, Sir Herbert Edwardes, wrote, "Of the strength of his personal character I will only tell two anecdotes. First, if you visit either the battle-field of Goojerat or Chilianwallah, the country people begin the narrative of the battle thus: 'Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*!' Second, a brotherhood of Fakeers, in Hazareh, abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of 'Nikkul Seyn,' which they still continue. Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Gooroo (religious or spiritual guide). He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them, but the sect of the Nikkul Seynees remains as devoted as ever. On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them, on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher; but, arrived at their monastery in Hazareh, they once more resumed the worship of the relentless 'Nikkul Seyn.'" We must likewise pass by the brave young Arthur Conolly and his adventurous career, his long imprisonment at Bokhara, where, through long, dreary months of suffering and confinement, his only solace was reading a small English Prayer-book and writing a daily account of his captivity on its margins and blank pages. After his barbarous execution, the little book found its way "into one of the bazaars of Bokhara, whence it was recovered by a Russian prisoner, who consigned it to General Ignatieff, when the mission under that officer visited Bokhara in 1858. On returning to the Russian frontier and proceeding to Ozenburg, the general intrusted the little book to the care of Major Salatzki, a member of his mission, with the view originally of its presentation to the Geographical Society of Great Britain. But when it was subsequently discovered that the notes were of a personal rather than of a scientific character, it was rightly considered that it would be a more appropriate gift to the

“family of the deceased owner. So one day in 1862, twenty years after Arthur Conolly’s death, it was left at the door of his sister, Mrs. Macnaghten, in Eaton-place.” We pass by these and others equally worthy of comment ; to say, that had not Mr. Kaye wished to keep the biographical order of the *Lives of Indian Officers*, that of the Rev. Henry Martyn would have made an appropriate finale to the work. The brave, but fragile life, seems a fitting crown to the others ; so perfect a life of self-abnegation, a life so entirely devoted to the accomplishment of the highest end for which man can labour, is but seldom offered as a subject for a biographer’s pen. Son of humble parents, he was yet able to gain the highest honours Cambridge had to confer, and, though with the prospect of advancement in the Church of England, he freely relinquished it to dedicate himself to a missionary life in India. Previous to his leaving England he had fallen in love with a Lydia Grenfell, and that too with all the depth of devotion of which such a nature as Martyn’s is capable ; and though he strove, he found it impossible to root up this affection ; it had entwined itself too completely in his nature, and so, wrestle as he might, he could not tear out the fair image from his heart ; he felt how wretched life would be without her love, and this feeling gained more intensity the more he endeavoured to overcome it. He left England with the hope that ere long he might claim her as his own ; but when in India the old conflict went on as fiercely as before—the contention between warm human love on one side, and spiritual morbidness on the other. However, the human love was again triumphant, and he wrote home for Miss Grenfell to join him in India. The lingering love she entertained for another, and his unlover-like letter, both combined to influence her decision, which was that of an unqualified refusal. “It cut him to the quick.” He had been endeavouring to persuade himself that he could better devote his life to the service of God unmarried ; but his love was not to be preached down in that way, “and when the day of trial came, “he was as little able to withstand the shock as any worldling of “six-and-twenty.” And in his reply he wrote, “What a tempest “agitates me ! I knew not that I had made so little progress in “a spirit of resignation to the Divine will. I am in my chastisement ‘like the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke,’ like a wild “bull in the net, full of the fury of the Lord, the rebuke of my “God.” And so a blight fell upon his young life, similar to that which had fallen upon the brave Arthur Conolly. Perhaps we are all more inclined to laugh at love sorrows than we are to weep, but those who have known their bitterness will be more likely to coincide with Arthur Helps, when he says, “I have some-



"times thought that unsuccessful love is almost too great a burden to be put upon such a poor creature as man." Henceforth Henry Martyn offered himself a sacrifice upon the shrine of duty; he busied himself with the translation of the Scriptures; he preached not only to the soldiers of the East India Company, but likewise to the natives, as well as teaching in schools; no matter when or where he laboured, he tried to perform what he considered his duty to his God. Doubtless much of the bitterness with which he habitually regarded happiness arose from his weak and frail body acting upon an excessively sensitive moral and spiritual nature, and though he might regard it as a crime, still "there was one consistent stream of the great heroism of self-abnegation flowing purely, though disastrously, through his life." Totally disregarding all temporal comforts, his health failed, and he grew day by day more feeble, and friends thought that the approach of death was discernable "in the fine fading of his delicate face," and symptoms of the old family complaint, that of consumption, began to appear; this, however, appeared to render him more cheerful, and a beautiful resignation descended upon him. About this time he determined to visit Persia, so that he might improve his knowledge in the language and obtain assistance in translating the Scriptures. He sailed to Bombay in company with Mountstuart Elphinstone, and together they visited the tomb, at Goa, of the great Jesuit missionary to the Indies, Francis Xavier. From India he sailed to the Persian Gulf, and two days after he had reached Shiraz. He was in the midst of theological discussions with the Moollahs and other learned people of the place. In Shiraz he completed the translation of the New Testament into Persian. Amid all his labour his thoughts continually turned to her whom he had hoped to call his wife, and numerous were the letters he wrote to Miss Grenfell. But his incessant labours, and the variability of the climate from heat to cold, had acted detrimentally upon his frail body, and fever and ague seem to have almost entirely prostrated him, and he applied for leave to return to England. In September he started on his homeward journey, which, however, he was never fated to accomplish, for the fatigues of the journey were more than he could bear, and he became weaker and weaker every day, till, utterly prostrate and overcome, he died at Yokat, without a friend or a countryman near, entirely surrounded by strangers. The last entry he made in his journal was, "Oh, when shall time give place to eternity? when shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, 'there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth,' none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none



“of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality shall be seen or heard of any more.” And thus died Henry Martyn, at the early age of thirty-one years. A great soul, which had it tabernacled in a more healthy body, would have accomplished mightier things than those it did in India.

We close Mr. Kaye's two volumes with the fervent impression that they will find a welcome and large acceptance from a wide circle of readers; and, as one reviewer states, will make an additional work among the number of books dedicated to school-boy prizes. The lives contained in the work are all well and appreciatively written; if there is one fault—and what work is perfect?—it is, that they are, perhaps, too laudatory. We sometimes feel that it is of friends the author is writing, and that he is a partial biographer; but in spite of this doubtful defect, the work is to be commended as a gallery of heroes whose lives it will be well to ponder.

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## II.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.\*—THE EXPONENT OF  
MUCKERISM.

AND it seems good and commendable, in point of taste, to Mr. Hepworth Dixon to illuminate the frontispiece to his first volume by a portrait of himself ; it is of a piece with the whole performance. We do not know when—from a writer with some pretensions, from his position as the editor of a respectable and largely circulated journal of literature, and the author of some books of a pure and instructive character—we have had such a contribution to bad taste and morbid and impure feeling. But in his *New America*, Mr. Dixon struck upon a finely fruitful soil, and the charm and popularity of that book were no doubt greatly owing to its singular revelations touching the theory and practice of marriage in Mormon and Shaker settlements. Hence, as the chief business of a popular author may be understood to put money in the purse, forth come these two volumes, already, we perceive, while we pen this paper, in their third edition, although very high in price. That they are entertaining, is undoubted ; at any rate, many of the chapters are entertaining, but a large portion of their details are such as should be reserved for the physiological physician, or the calendars of crime. Mr. Hepworth Dixon may place beneath the spiritual wife category the heavenly bridals of Mrs. Cragin and the Rev. Abraham C. Smith ; but we should rather insist on regarding this as one of those stories occasionally transpiring in courts of justice, in which the heart of the auditor or spectator is rent by the development of some crime, gratifying the passion of some criminal on the one side, while rending the heart of some suffering victim on the other. There is not, in the work before us, so much either of Mr. Dixon's usual off-hand brilliancy of style and colour. That he possesses many of the faculties of a very lively writer is undoubted ; his sentences have a bold vivacity, and he is fond of that glaring strength of tone which is sure to attract attention. There are passages in these volumes (or rather in the

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\* *Spiritual Wives.* By W. Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

first—the second is every way of a lower character, both in style and interest, but in the first volume there are passages) which make us regret the prostitution of a pen, able to describe so vigorously and vividly, to the task it has selected in the work before us. Moreover, there are even yet more serious charges; the book is faulty, not merely because it is simply a succession of pictures, either of hysterical women or criminal and erring men; Mr. Hepworth Dixon seems disposed to go in for a harem of spiritual wives himself—we do not know whether he possesses already any gentle partner in the toils and trials of his much-overcoming career; but unquestionably there are things in these volumes which may make a lady, not herself disposed to relinquish her one-wife rights, to look seriously about her. Mr. Dixon thinks that most of our writers shirk the deeply interesting question of the Apostle Paul's relation to his female companion, and he indignantly asks, "What is to be gained for the Church by clouding this central fact in the great apostle's life?" We venture to say, a pretty notion Mr. Dixon must have formed of what were the central facts in the life of the apostle. The apostle says, "Have we not power to lead about a sister or wife?" This seems a feeble text for such immense issues, but from it, we understand, arises what is called "the Pauline Church." Mr. Dixon becomes mystical and critical, inquires who was this wife or sister, assumes that Paul was not himself married, that the Greek word *gynaike* means either wife or woman, like the French word *femme*, and the German word *frau*.

Clement of Alexandria seems to have assumed that Paul would not have taken a female companion with him on his travels unless she had been his wife. Tertullian, on the other side, asserts that the woman who went about with him was not his wife, but a holy sister, who travelled with him from place to place, doing just that kind of work in the early Church which only a woman can effect. Which is the truth?

All critics conclude, for the text is plain so far, that Paul and Barnabas claimed the privilege of keeping the company of certain holy women, with whom they appear to have lodged and lived. That the connection between these men and women was, in their own belief, free from blame, no one will doubt; but the facts which must have placed this connection beyond the reach of honest, open censure, are not so clear. One word from Paul, to the effect that the parties were married, would have silenced every tongue; but Paul did not speak, and did not write that word. What, then, are we to infer from his silence? The loud voice of antiquity asserts that Paul was a single man. Paul himself tells us that he was accompanied, and had a right to be accompanied, by a female friend. What then?



And so the fabric of what is called the Pauline Church arises, and the community of spiritual wives, and Mr. Dixon telling his long stories, some of which seem to us simply the recitations of adultery, with no word of denunciation, but evidently rather a desire to give the sanction of the apostle and Scripture to these communities of "free love." Further on in the volume, Mr. Dixon becomes very philosophical, and calls in the aid of Goethe to expound the doctrine of celestial affinities and Gothic instincts. Goethe's *Elective Affinities* has always appeared to us a sewer of psychological impurity, a dangerous but fascinating dream of that dark artist. Mr. Dixon defines it very well himself as a theory in which "hearts are no more than acids and "alkalies, which draw near to each other by a natural law, on "a principle of free affinities;" and he admits that "one of the "things which a man in the spiritual circles thinks himself most "of all free to do is to fall in love with his neighbour's wife." And very singular are some of the accounts we have in these communities, of women especially, of whom it is said, "one was "living with her affinity; another was" mismatched, and was in "search of her affinity;" while we read of "a class of men who "travelled from place to place, finding a great many affinities "everywhere!" Mr. Dixon seems to anticipate that some objections will be raised to the recitation of such stories as these; he thinks, apparently, that Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, Swedenborg's *Conjugal Love*, and his own work may be found healthful and edifying. He says, "A dull and ignorant cry has been "raised against these noble works of art" (especially alluding to Goethe) "as dangerous reading for the young, as if dull and "ignorant people, wanting insight and imagination, would not "find the highest literature of every land, be it profane or be it "sacred, the work of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, the "Bible, the Talmud, the Vedas, the Koran, to be dangerous "reading for the young." As to the great works cited in this paragraph, we cannot say that any of them have ever seemed to us especially dangerous. If, in some, coarseness of expression may be found, they for the most part keep the high road in morals, or if not, as in the case of the Koran, the moral sense of the reader is not outraged by a deliberate argument against its sanity. Does Mr. Dixon mean to say that there are no impure or unhealthy books—books from which it is well to turn aside, and to advise all healthful minds, old or young, to turn aside also? There are such, nor have we any doubt that his *Spiritual Wives* is of the number. The interest of a story should not be its only passport; the story of the archdeacon Ebel and the Countess Ida, and the story of George Cragin and his wife, may certainly plead that



warrant ; and many a story of hysterical disease, and many a career of crime, may present the same claim. Surely this is not all we require, and even as elucidations of the theory Mr. Dixon has set himself to expound, his work seems to us but tame and feeble. That there are affinities in souls, few thoughtful natures can doubt ; the question as to what really constitutes sex, and what are those ultimate spiritual laws of attraction and cohesion, is not so easily answered. Whether spirits have eternal and infinite relationships, which may be missed here, but found and recognised in immortality, is not a question which derives much solution from most of the narratives in the *Spiritual Wives*. The apostles and disciples of "free love" seem to play at fast and loose with their "affinities" in a very significant manner, so that it appears as if we have to fall back upon the good old domestic routine for the finest illustrations of the divinity, the infinity, and perpetuity of affection. We have no doubt that society has sadly outraged the Divine idea of marriage ; that the pure intention, the holy purpose, which is only fulfilled when spirits meet together and find themselves a pair, has been violated by being dealt with as an affair of barter, of commerce, and convenience, we have no doubt ; and this, in the nature of things, produces such a reaction as unfolds itself in the scenes, creeds, and sins narrated in these volumes. It is not our purpose, however, to enter into any account of the theory itself, or the histories and ramifications of the theory ; our task is almost done when we express our surprise that Mr. Dixon should have published these volumes. That regret grows as we remark occasionally Mr. Dixon's power in sketching a scene, in describing a person or a place. The following description of the preaching of the "Prophet of Doom," Diestel, in Königsberg, conveys such an evidence of strong writing :—

The room being full of people, it seemed useless for the Prophet of Doom to wait for such a carnal trifle as the hour announced in his call.

A servant lit a few more lights ; then, a young-looking man, very much like a banker's cashier, walked up to the reading-desk, and lit two candles. A certain shock seemed to pass through the nerves of his audience, as this young man blew out his taper and laid it down. He, it seemed, was the Prophet. In a clear voice, sweet in tone, and wide in compass, he breathed above our heads the familiar words :

"Lasst uns beten—Let us pray !"

What force had sent that thrill through my neighbours' nerves ? Did the man's voice and mien recall to them the scenery and the action of some bygone tale ?

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Lasst uns beten—Let us pray!

The young man raised his eyes towards the figures of Apollo and Aurora, and asked, in a tone of strong emotion, that a blessing might rest on what he was about to say, and that the truth might find an entrance into all Christian hearts.

A sigh on the part of some, a sob on the part of many, responded to his warm appeal at the throne of grace.

"Why not into *all* hearts?" said a voice near me. The speaker was a Jew; a learned, tolerant, and famous Jew; one who belongs to the reforming synagogue in Königsberg, and to the advancing liberal party in Ost Preussen; a man who thinks much of his own ancient faith, yet more of the natural rights and civil equalities of men. I could not answer him; but some of his furred and tippeted neighbours scowled on his question with a fierceness of sudden wrath, that told me how welcome in this city might be a mandate of some new Father Fritz, which should command the police to strip and flay a Jew for presuming to wear a beard.

The Prophet took the Bible into his hand; and turning the leaves, as though it were by chance, he fixed his gaze on the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel; and then read out slowly, with keen dramatic art, that portion which relates to the impending desolation of the Holy City, to the wars and rumours of wars which were to come, to the great tribulation in the churches, to the appearance of many false Messiahs, who should work signs and wonders, so as almost to deceive the very elect, to the darkening of the sun and moon, and to the final coming of the Son of Man.

He was a very fine reader; with many a rapid rush, with many a subtle pause, he drove the meaning of this sombre prophecy of desolation home into his hearer's soul. With what force and awe he read the words—"Then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven in power and great glory, and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other!" In Luther's German version, the effect of this passage is even finer than it is in the English version, and the accomplished actor made the most of his magnificent text. Loud sobs and cries went up from five hundred breasts.

When he had closed the book, he paused for a moment to let his words sink deep into our minds; then, spreading out his hands above our heads, he told us what the text which he had just been reading meant. These words of Christ, he said, were sent to *us*. Now was the time foreseen by prophets from of old. Jesus looked down from the Mount of Olives—upon what? Upon the Temple and the Temple-courts; works which had been designed by Herod, continued by Archelaus, and all but completed, under Pontius Pilate, by the high priests Annas and Caiaphas. They were mighty labours, on which the noblest art of Greece was being lavished. Yet what did the Lord, in His last hours, say of these efforts of human pride? He said the stones should be thrown down, so that not one stone should be left standing upon

another. Why did the Lord denounce this Temple? Because it was a sign of things which were then—which are now—an abomination in the sight of God. Because it was the substitution of a material fact for a spiritual truth. Because it proffered to Heaven a shrine of marble in the stead of an obedient heart. Because it was a dwelling for the earthly gods, not a home for the Lord of light and life. And now, in our own day, is not that of which Herod's Temple was a type fulfilled in our midst? Have we not made a god of our material good? Are we not poor in grace, poor in obedience, poor in ideality? Ask the magistrate, ask the prince. Do we not give more thought to buying and selling, to getting and saving, than we give to the salvation of our souls? Who cares for his soul? Who knows that he has a soul? We sow wheat, we plant timber, we load ships, we find amber; but who among us takes any heed for his eternal wants? who loves to obey? who puts himself at the lowest seat? who repeats to his own heart daily the saying of our Lord, that he who is highest in God's kingdom is the servant of all? You dread the winter frost, yet act as though you felt no fear of the nether fires! Is not this blindness of the soul a sign? Are not our palaces and gardens simply doubles of the Temple and Temple-court? Shall they not be thrown down in the day of wrath?

The speaker paused; a very long time he paused. Then he raised his eyes to heaven and said:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away!"

Another pause; then a quick cry, as of mingled joy and triumph, came from his lips:

"Christus kommt!"

Men sighed and women wept. Hundreds of quivering voices answered to the preacher's cry with "Christus kommt!"

Now, said the Angel of Light, waxing warmer in his fury, is the time for him to appear among us. Now or never! now or never! Voltaire had said, in his own bad time, that the religion of Christ could not last for twenty years longer; the French infidel had turned out to be a false prophet; but he (the reverend doctor) had it upon his soul to declare that if our Lord should not come *now*, He would never come at all. Were not the Scriptures now fulfilled? Was the time not ripe? Did not He say that He would come in the day of tribulation, in the day of false teachers, in the day of war and strife, in the day of famine, pestilence, and earthquakes? Did not He promise His disciples that He would return when nations were rising against nations, and kingdoms against kingdoms? Did not He foretell, as He sat on the Mount of Olives, that in the day of wrath, on the eve of judgment, His people would have to suffer afflictions, that many of them would be led astray, and that the faithful few would be hated of the world for His sake? Had not all these sayings come to be true at this present hour? Yea; they had come to pass. Yea; now was the time! Now was the great day!—now!

Christus kommt!



Many strong men sobbed aloud; many weak women swooned and fainted. Hundreds of voices shouted with the glowing angel:

Christus kommt!

Gott sei Dank! Christus kommt!

This cry was taken up by crowds in the outer rooms, on the stairs, in the streets below. Here and there a scowl, a word of insult, perhaps a menacing gesture, greeted the speaker's eloquence.

"He is a tool of the conservatives," you might hear some radical growl.

"He has friends at the Schloss, no doubt," said another.

"Wagener sent him to Königsberg," put in a third, whose fear was evidently father to his faith.

In vain the Prophet tried to finish his discourse. On this side sobs and groans, on that side sneers and yells, prevented his voice being further heard. The people could bear no more. Roused by his fervid phrases, many of his audience were in hysterics, still more were blind with tears and hoarse with shouting. Then, in a few last words, the Prophet was understood to say that, although the Lord was about to judge the world, He would not come in a visible shape. Christ would come in glory and in power, but not, as the Jews expected, and as the vulgar think, with horses and chariots, with banners and swords. God could not be seen by man unless He took upon Himself the burden of our flesh. The new advent will be in the spirit.

He ended; and the people in the Junker Hoff cried:

Christus kommt!

Gott sei Dank! Christus kommt!

A short prayer was said; a hymn was read out, not sung; the lights were lowered, and the people were told to leave. But the people could not get away, the outer room and the stairs being choked with hearers, whilst the streets below the window were filled with tumult, through the pauses in which could be heard the clash of steel and the tramp of armed men.

The sermon broke up with an exciting tumultuous scene outside, in which, amidst the cry of "seraphim kisses!" the police and the troops interfered, and gave the wild young students, who led on the uproar, lodgings for the night. This seems to have happened only in the last year, but in reality the key-note of the uproar was given from the fact that Dr. Diestel was the son of another Diestel, the apostle of "seraphim kisses," in Königsberg, in the last generation. An illustration of the strength with which the writer can photograph a place—a city—occurs in the following, of Königsberg,—

Königsberg has been called the Venice of the North—a name not only wide of the mark, but far wider from the mark than is usual in such comparisons. It is, in fact, absurd. Venice is a city of gold and marble, of domes, and palaces, and campaniles; a city which is warm

in tone, and high in colour; a city washed by the sea; a city glowing in a southern sun by day, and gleaming under southern stars by night. Königsberg lies in a realm of mist, through which, for half the year at least, neither sun nor star can pierce. "Eight months of mud, four months of moths," was a neat description given to me of the climate of Ost Preussen by one who knew it only too well. The city stands on the banks of a stream—the Pregel—which soaks and slips into the place by two main channels, winding and widening into breadths and marshes of frozen sea. When it is not river it is pond. One-sixth of the whole city, within the walls, is water; the surface of which is covered with broken and floating ice for nearly half the year. Much snow comes down, and the warmer air from the Baltic melts this snow into slush. "In Königsberg," said a friendly native, "we have our seven winters. First we have rain and hail; then we have snow and mud; next we have sleet and slush; this brings us to our comfortable mid-winter, when the mercury sinks to forty degrees of frost; the country gets open, and we can sledge from the Lang Gasse to Pillau by the firm ice of the Frische Haf." In these bright days of winter-frost the city is seen at its best. The streets are free from mud, the quays are silent, and the ships are locked in ice. A layer of frozen snow lies thick on the ground, over which the sledges glide with their muffled drivers and their silvery bells. At night the stars come out—the faint and frosted stars of a northern zone. In their red light, as in that of the moon, the Gothic spires and towers of the city gain a touch of beauty; but the beauty is not that of the luminous and artistic city on the sea.

Königsberg is more like Rotterdam—a city of bridges, water-ways, and ships; of narrow alleys and gabled fronts; but here, again, the resemblance ends. The chief points about this Amber City—the lie of land and water, the quays, the Schloss and the Schloss-lake, the island, the Altstadt, the red churches, the open spaces in the town, the vast lines of fortification, the solid magazines and burghers' dwellings—blend into a picture which will live in the traveller's memory as a thing apart. Every old city—every city with a story—has a life, a character of its own. In this regal and knightly city, Schloss, cathedral, university—each a good thing in its kind, whether new or old—give a fantasy to the town which belongs to no other place.

The old Schloss, built by the Teutonic Knights to please heroic Ottocar, stands on levels of gigantic stones, rough and Pelasgic, likely, in the main, to last for a thousand years yet to come. Here stand the king's palace, the old torture chamber, the picture-gallery, and the court of blood—the last-named place being that horrid vault in which the Holy Ritters, after their return from Acre and Venice, converted the Pagan Wends and Letts from the worship of Percunas, god of the thunderstorm. It is now a Wine-stube, where judges and councillors drink red wine, eat caviare, and smoke cigarettes. One waks with a hushed step through the haunts of these resolute German knights, who had fallen back in their Eastern homes before the fiery onset of the sons of Islam, to take up their cross, at first

in summery Venice, afterwards in these frozen regions of swamp and forest, far beyond the frontiers of their native land. Strength to smite, and will to endure, they had brought with them from the East and South. In the Court of Blood you can see the spot on which they put their Pagan prisoners to the test of faith; when, with swords at their throats, these prisoners were told to say, at once, in a word, whether they were willing to accept our Lord. If they answered, Yes, it was well for them, and they were free to live—to live as vassals and serfs of the Christian knights. If any lingering preference for his native god induced a wretch to pause in his reply, the sword was jobbed into his throat; and in this swift fashion Percunas was put down, and the religion of sacred trees, of thunder-gods, and of stocks and stones, died in Ost Preussen by a violent death.

This order of Teutonic Knights—founded by Duke Friedrich of Swabia, broken at Acre, ruined at Venice, revived at Marienburg, plundered by Sigismund in Poland, cheated by Albrecht of Bradenburg, dissolved by Napoleon—played a most splendid part in the drama of modern times; a part which was sometimes ruthless, often unfortunate, and yet one which has left upon the north of Europe, most of all upon these Baltic provinces—a trace that defies the obliterating hand of Time and Death. Königsberg is but one of a hundred towns which they erected in these northern woods and swamps.

It is strange to think of those German Knights, every man among them of noble blood, going out from the old distracted land to cut Pagan throats, and found, on the banks of the Pregel, the Germany of these latter days.

Every street has its own quaintness, every bridge its own story. Here a spire, and there a gable, makes a picture. In one place a narrow alley stops the way, and round the corner a broad expanse of water charms the eye. Now you have wharves and masts, anon you come suddenly upon fountains and flower-beds. Open places abound, with statues of Prussian sovereigns. Walls of enormous sweep, embattled with tower and bastion, surround the city. A third of the city within these walls is grass-field and garden. Those who are native to the province find it so pleasant and picturesque (as, compared against the country round, it surely is) that they do not fear to describe it to a stranger as a paradise on earth. Men who are born in Königsberg seldom go away, believing that when a man who had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, has found these gates open to him, he would be silly not to come in, and mad if he ever went out.

Emmanuel Kant, critic of the Pure Reason, whose bronze statue stands before me as I write, was one of these Königsberg patriots. He was born in the city, and he lived in the little house near me for more than half his long life. He knew nothing of the world, and cared nothing for the world. Königsberg was enough for his eye and his heart. In his old age, he used to boast that for thirty years he had never set foot beyond the city walls. Whither could he wend? Berlin, the nearest city for which he cared a jot, was ten days off: the time which now separates London from New York. A tiny house, full of books;



a little garden, full of flowers; a house near to the Schloss and the Court of Blood, and only a short walk from his class-room, satisfied all the longings of his soul. Why should he think of change? To leave Königsberg for the country-side, was to go out of Eden into dismal space.

But we do not quote these passages as indicating the kind of material the reader will find in these volumes; they only indicate Mr. Dixon's vigour of style, and leave on the mind regret that he has not chosen some subject giving to him the opportunity for such manifestations. As a literary performance the work makes no approach to the brilliancy of his *Holy Land*, or even to his *New America*. The work is interesting, as any human thing—a police report, a detail of any domestic treason, even an analysis of a disease—is interesting; it has nothing of the sustaining interest of high and noble emotion, glowing sentiment, or finished art, and the two passages we have quoted are the only two which have struck us as pictures, suspended among these pages, of a perfectly free and innocent character. When Mr. Dixon approaches the region of Church history, he stirs within the mind and heart some strong feelings of indignation. Thus he sums up the story of the “Brethren of the Common Lot, or the “Free Spirit” :—“Hundreds of them perished in the flames for “no higher crime than that of having offered to each other a “seraphic kiss.” The seraphic kiss is quite hypothetical, the actual fact is, that these pure and noble beings formed an immense sect within the Church of Rome, of reformers before the Reformation. The author has a hard, irreverent way, a slap-dash, hop-skip-and-jump kind of style of dealing with the facts of Church history. His Church history is like his Biblical criticism, both are equally careless and slipshod, and both are seized upon with a kind of ravenous hunger for the marvellous, and the determination to drift in all available material to swell the idea of spiritual wives. And what is the outcome of the whole book? Are we, from the closing chapters, to infer that a return to polygamy is not undesirable? Has Mr. Dixon himself become converted by his visits to the Salt Lake City? “In our “own day,” he says, “all the High Church movements run into “some form of spiritual mysticism and social innovation; when a “revival breaks out, the converted man finds himself in a new “relation to God and to his wife.” This is strange to us; revival fevers have not been much to our taste, certainly many of them; but in all we have had the opportunity of watching, we must testify to the libellous character of the last part of Mr. Dixon's charge, however true may be the first. ♡ He goes on to tell us,

"that in all our Gothic capitals, from Stockholm to London, from Berlin to New York, we see a rapid slacking and unwinding of the old-fashioned nuptial ties." And a little further on we meet with the following passage, speaking of the Gothic man:—

But while he sees in this true marriage of souls a man's crown of glory, he also sees in the false marriage of wives and husbands a man's crown of thorns, from which the compassionate hand of law should offer him release. Thus he passes round to the conclusions of which we read. The idea of nuptials for eternity implies the possibility of a true and a false marriage; true marriage implies the right to seek for the natural mate; and false marriage implies the liberty of divorce.

This is the circle in which he moves; and hence he may find a certain legitimacy in those excesses and aberrations of spiritual love which would strike a Gaul as signs of nothing but disease.

In free countries like Prussia, England, and the United States, changes of law must follow the actual progress of public thought. Hence, all through the north of Europe and America, we see that the old laws of man and wife are being modified; the modifications having the common purpose of helping to free unhappy couples, paired by mistake, from vows which they cannot keep. In England, as becomes the most conservative branch of the Gothic race, we are moving slowly along this path of change; we are not yet clear about that union of husband and wife beyond the grave; but we are quickened by what we see is being done in Germany and America, and we shall probably keep in some sort of line with these advancing wings of the Teutonic power.

Indeed, Mr. Dixon argues, in this his last chapter, that there is a real and substantial difference between the Gaulish and the Gothic men in their moral ideas; it would seem that moral ideas, in our sense of them, are almost impossible to, and inapprehensible by, the tribes of the south of Europe, man or woman either; and our writer says, what we do not for a moment doubt, that he has seen marriage contracts in Florence in which a "clause was introduced defining the way in which the young bride, still a girl in the cloister, should select her cavalier, when the time arrived for her to act, after the manner of her kind, so as to make the new arrangement for her infidelity pleasant to her lord; in short, the husband was to have a veto in the choice of his wife's lover. Was Byron wrong in saying that "Englishmen would never learn to understand Italian life?" The Gothic man and woman are not to be satisfied with arrangements like these, in which sentiment has no part; and hence, in all the relations of the sexes, there must be, when the nature is quickened to its depths, a spiritual force, an external yearning, a panting for recognition and reunion in the life beyond, a close

interlocking of deepest sympathies here. Such relations and such hopes, we believe, are extensively known. That weakening of the sense of marriage obligation, which is most plainly the end of Mr. Dixon's book, will, we are quite sure, have no effect in creating a higher spiritual life or a more abiding spiritual relationship. The last paragraphs of the work before us we are free to speak of as a muddle and a mess of words; but lest this should seem a sweeping and indiscriminating censure, we will quote them, premising that they follow on immediately from our last quotation:—

Perhaps we have hardly come, as yet, to see how much these strange beginnings of a new life are due to a sudden quickening of the Gothic blood. Even in things which do not concern the family life, we see how this Gothic race in Europe, in America, and elsewhere, is stirred to its highest reach and to its lowest depths. Never, perhaps, since our fathers came out of their pine-forests, and threw themselves into the front of history, has the Gothic family shown more stress and storm of noble passion than in this present day.

It doubts, it fights, it pulls down, it builds up, it emigrates, it criticises, it invents with a power and thoroughness of heart unequalled in the past. Everywhere it is gaining ground. Here it founds an empire, there it invades the celestial spheres. Nothing daunts it—nothing stops it. One day it changes Central Europe by a battle; another day it wins America from the Latins by a threat. In the social field it is no less active than it is in the political field. All the strange social trials which in our day excite the brain and scare the imagination of timid people are its work.

Other breeds of men may have very high qualities and very noble virtues. No one will deny that the Celt has a fire, the Frank a skill, the Tuscan a taste, to which their fair-haired rivals in Berlin, London, and New York have scarcely any claim. They make splendid orators and soldiers; their wit being only brighter than their swords. In every form of art they hold their own; and in some of the loftiest flights of intellect they bear away the palm. But in some things they can only pretend to a lower rank. They are less susceptible and have fewer relations with the world of spirits. It is in these things that the Gothic races are rich beyond compare; in openness of mind towards all the ghostly messengers of fate—the voice that shrieks, the touch that burns, the form that haunts. Poorer in art, but richer in spiritual gifts, than many of their fellows, the men of this Gothic race would seem to have been armed by nature with the means for proving all these theories which concern the highest interests of our spiritual and social life.

What is the meaning of all this? Certainly spiritual wifehood seems to be lost in this pell-mell of words, the idea drowned in the "voice that shrieks," whatever that may be, only that, as



the reader will notice at the commencement of the extract, we are to "see how much these strange beginnings of a new life are "due to a sudden quickening of the Gothic blood." The spiritual wifehood theory is "the strange beginning of a new life." This results from the fact that the Gothic man has more relations with the world of spirits ; this is the announcement of the "voice that shrieks," the "touch that burns," the "form that haunts," and hence it seems, that at the call of this "Gothic revival," the denomination the writer gives to this chapter, we are to recast all our ideas about women, and concerning the sanctity of marriage ; and this is the book already glorified, apparently without any exception taken, in innumerable reviews. The *Morning Post* tells us "it will be studied with no less profit than interest ;" the *Globe* "that there is nothing to desire as regards the manner "Mr. Dixon has treated his subject ;" the *Star* tells us that the moral of the book "is just what one might expect from a cultivated and high-principled English author ; a delicate and difficult subject is treated with great refinement and judgment ;" the *London Review* tells us "its tone is refined and pure to a "degree," and so on, through many similar reviews. We think the estimate formed by our readers, after the really dispassionate description we have given of the book, will be somewhat different. That the condition of women in this country and in others needs a most thoughtful and intense regard, is quite undoubted ; but we are far from seeing in what way Mr. Dixon's prurient and suggestive stories are likely to affect the study of the grave question of her social position. Good men have found, in all Christian ages and places, comfort and solace in the ministration of kind Christian women, such women also in the sympathy and strong consolations of such men. In the highest sense, "to the pure all things "are pure ;" by such intercourse no harm has been done or was possible. To go beyond this is the speculation of those whom an inspired apostle speaks of as "filthy dreamers ;" and to such a classification we should certainly consign most of those characters adorning Mr. Dixon's second volume, some also figuring in his first. Even the story of the Countess Ida and the rise of the Ebelians has only the interest which might attach to the mad meanderings of thought in a lunatic asylum ; and we bid farewell to Mr. Dixon's book with a feeling that we have gained from it very little that was new to us, while it has given to us the undoubted assurance that its doctrine and influence are likely to be pestilential ; both it and its subject will deserve a place in the literature of what in Germany is appropriately called "Mucker-ism."

## III.

SOME RECENT PIECES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN  
POETRY.\*

IF the poets seem to be very few who win any great meed of fame or fortune, we must not therefore think that there are not many others who write words full of worth and beauty. Many things have to combine to make a very famous poet, which is synonymous with a very fortunate one; very rare is that rich, deep concord of music and imagination, that reduction of the eye to the ear; of the infinite perception to the wonderful melody. But this is not all; there must be such a selection of subjects as shall meet the measure of education, the feeling and the capabilities of the multitude. Tennyson has enjoyed an extent of fame to whose empire the little territory of Wordsworth is but very small; but we suppose he would be a very hardy or ignorant person who should maintain that there is any wealth in the present Laureate's most beautiful, and thoughtful, and dainty metres at all approaching those of his predecessor; yet in pure melody, in the exquisite ebb and flow of rhythm, we have no doubt he would carry away the palm. Then again the poets are few in whom faculties are not

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- \* 1. *The Life and Death of Jason: a Poem.* By William Morris. Bell and Daldy.  
 2. *The Quest of the Sangreall, the Sword of Kingship, and other Poems.* By T. Westwood. John Russel Smith.  
 3. *Ten Miles from Town, with other Poems.* By W. Sawyer. William Freeman.  
 4. *Lays of a Heart.* By G. Wade Robinson. Houlston and Wright.  
 5. *Light after Darkness: Religious Poems.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.  
 6. *May-Day, and other Poems.* By Ralph W. Emerson. Routledge and Sons.  
 7. *Themes and Translations.* By J. W. Montclair. New York.

only so magnificent, but so multiplied that very many orders of minds are able to feel the charm of varied humanity. Shakespeare or Burns have the faculty of perception and reflection; rich, deeper, or more elaborated harmony, conjoined with such a jocundity, that his must be a rare nature indeed, not met in some parts by their power or pathos. So it is, we suppose, that many writers, whose volume of verse struggles very lazily through a single edition, may yet possess some of the strongest claims for a warm greeting from those who feel that poetry, like the seasons, should know its constant succession, that while its woods, and gardens, and conservatories should be constantly bringing forth the stems and trees, their branches laden with fruits or flowers, there will always be varied tastes to which they will be acceptable. Millions of flowers, as our well-known verse tells us, die unseen; they bloom, unveiling their beauty, shed out their fragrance, and expire. So we shall believe it is with many a sweet and noble thought, many a rich and melodious expression; they find their way to very few hearts or ears, but such satisfaction as the violet, the lily, the rose, and the forget-me-not give, they have given, if they have been healthy, pure, and fragrant; they have ministered to purity, to sweet thoughts, or sorrowful and shady natures; they have obtained no great fame, but have won respect and love by the marks of honest labour, of healthy thought, and verses making music, like many a melody sung by old trees, not heard very far, but not the less natural or deep. And such are not unnatural feelings in laying by the first volumes at the head of this paper. It is several years since we read Mr. Morris's volume, the *Defence of Guenevere*, a volume full of metrical power and promise; we may suppose the present volume to be the result of many years' patient thought and work. The story of the "Golden Fleece," famous in every kind of most ancient tradition, and set to many varied notes of music, never found a more congenial singer. The subject, worthy of the highest ambition, and giving every facility and latitude for the amplest and most daring imagination, has yet not been recited so often as to become wearisome. The story of the great Argonautic Expedition, the subject of the classic *Argonautica* of Flaccus, finds in Mr. Morris a sweet melody of narrative; which, famous as is the poem of his Latin predecessor, will yet surpass it in all that can make a poem beautiful or famous. He goes back to the earliest ages of the infant world, the first great naval enterprise of the world, and why it was attempted, and how it was achieved. Nature was then replete with invisible beings, and gods and monsters and demons were the guardians or the enemies of all great adventurers or



warriors, and the expedition of Jason, with all its attendant lights of mythologic splendour, coruscations gleaming across the gloom of those most early twilight times, was one of the three great events which filled the whole known world with admiration. The story, as our readers know, briefly is, that Pelias, sitting on a usurped throne, and called by his nephew, Jason, to yield it to him, the rightful successor in the event of his father's death, is incited by Pelias to go in search of the Golden Fleece, the fleece of a mighty ram, the gift of Neptune to King Athamas. The ram was dead, but the Golden Fleece was still kept, and sacredly guarded by King Æetes in the city of Colchis. He went forth on the adventure attended by all the chivalry of infant Greece, though the catalogue of Mr. Morris seems to differ from that of Flaccus. The gods and goddesses—Juno and Minerva—were interested in the expedition; the brave ship *Argo* was built beneath the aid and direction of Minerva. The expedition was successful; and Mr. Morris has, with great skill, availed himself of the faint hints Herodotus gives, who tells us how a north wind drove him to the African coast, and before he could discover land, he got among the shallows of the lake Tritonus, from whence he was extricated by a Triton. It is scarcely possible to read the story in any form without feeling that it shadows out something of the adventures, destinies, and prophecies of early commercial enterprise. A fact of the enterprise was not only the carrying off the Golden Fleece, but the plunder also of the far-famed, the beautiful, and terrible Medea. Mr. Morris has woven her part into his story with admirable skill, and grace, and power. Our readers may easily conceive how a poet of rich pictorial imagination would find material in such a legend for every variety of verse and adventure and scene painting; and indeed the author is equal to all. As a story, the volume is perfectly charming, and cannot be put aside, if commenced, until the end is reached; the poet bears his readers with him delightfully through the strange, silent, and untracked seas and caverns through which the vessel ploughed on for days by torchlight, until it emerged again upon the open waters and the island of Circe. There Medea herself, guarded by the gods, intended to land for an interview with the sorceress of the island, but the heroes themselves had to be warned against such dangerous shores as those, where men were turned into beasts:—

She drew a casket full of chains and rings,  
And took therefrom a chaplet brown and sere,  
And set it on her head: and now being near  
The yellow strand, high on the poop she stood,

And said, "O heroes, what has chilled your blood,  
That in such wise ye gaze upon this land  
With tearful eye, and nerveless, languid hand,  
And heaving breast, and measureless desire?  
Be wise, for here the never-dying fire  
The God-begotten wonder, Circe, lights,  
The wise of women, framer of delights  
That being of man once felt, he ne'er shall cease]  
To long for vainly, as the years increase  
On his dulled soul, shut in some bestial form.

"And good it had been that some bitter storm  
Were tossing Argo's planks from sea to sea,  
Than ye had reached this fair land, but for me,  
Who amid tears and prayers, and nameless pain,  
Some little wisdom have made shift to gain:  
Look forth upon the green shore, and behold  
Those many beasts, all collared with fine gold,  
Lions and pards, and small-eyed restless bears,  
And tusked boars, who from uneasy lairs  
Are just come forth; nor is there 'mongst them one  
But once walked upright underneath the sun,  
And had the name of man: such shall ye be,  
If from the ship ye wander heedlessly,  
But safely I my kinswoman may meet,  
And learn from her the bitter and the sweet  
That waits us ere ye come to Greece again,  
And see the wind-swept green Thessalian plain.

"Meanwhile, let nothing tempt you to the land,  
Nor unto anything stretch forth the hand  
That comes from shore, for all ye may see there  
Are but lost men and their undoers fair."

But with that word they furrowed the wet sand,  
And straight they ran the gangway out to land,  
O'er which, with girded raiment, passed the queen;  
But now another marvel was there seen,  
For to the shore, from many a glade and lawn,  
The golden-collared, sad-eyed beasts were drawn  
In close-set ranks above the sea-beat shore,  
And open-mouthed, with varying moan and roar,  
White-foot Medea did they seem to threat:  
Whereat the Minyæ on their bow-strings set,  
The notches of their arrows, but the maid  
Turned round about, with calm face unafraid,  
And said: "O Minyæ, lay your weapons down,  
Nor fear for me; behold this chaplet brown,  
Whose withered leaves rest lightly on my head,  
This is the herb that Gods and mortals dread,  
The Pontic Moly, the unchanging charm."

Then up the beach she passed, and her white arm  
This way and that the leopards thrust aside,  
And 'mid the grisly swine her limbs did glide,  
And on a lion's mane her hand she laid;

But still with moans they thronged about the maid,  
As she passed onward to the palace white,  
Until the elm-groves hid her from the sight.

In the same way Sir Thomas Browne might have been gratified here, for we listen to "that song the Sirens sung" as the *Argo* sailed along by the yellow edges of the shore, and the island of the fair Hesperides, with its coiled dragon, its precious fruits of red, gleaming gold, and its beautiful inhabitants—

In this green place, left all alone,  
A remnant of the days long gone.

Jason has always seemed a rather doubtful hero, one who achieved more by subtlety and craft than by the old free-handed bravery; then for the success of his adventures he was indebted to a woman. Mr. Morris has dealt with both these circumstances in a highly poetical manner. Jason looks even more than usually heroic; still the strength of the poet is in the delineation of Medea. Perhaps the poem might as truly be called "*Medea*," as the *Life and Death of Jason*. The scene in which she awakens Jason, and leads him to the room guarded by the dragon, where the Golden Fleece was kept, she charming the beast while he uses the keys she has brought him, seems to us all drawn with adroit strength and vigour. The poem itself might well keep us through the whole space we can give to the entire range of volumes before us. We must not, therefore, do more than mark out two or three of those passages which show the author's power in realising the scenes and creatures through which the *Argo* passed. Thus, in passing down the river, girt on either side by the thick forests, the occasional lines which realise the lion, and indeed the whole picture, stands out with great distinctness:—

So sadly passed the weary night away,  
That, dreary, yet was noisier than the day;  
For all about them evil beasts 'gan stir  
At nightfall, and great soft-winged bats to whirr  
About their raiment and their armour bright.  
And when the moon rose, and her crescent white  
Made the woods blacker, then from either shore  
They heard the thundering of the lion's roar,  
Now coming nigher, dying now away;  
And once or twice, as in the stream they lay  
A spear-cast from the shore, could they behold  
The yellow beast stalk forth, and, stark and bold,  
Stand in the moonlight on the muddy beach.  
Then, though they doubted not their shafts could reach  
His kingly heart, they held their hands, for here



All seemed as in a dream, where deadly fear  
 Is mingled with the most familiar thing ;  
 And in the cup we see the serpent's sting,  
 And common speech we answer with a scream.  
 Moreover, sounds they heard they well might deem  
 To be men's voices ; but whatso they were,  
 Unto the river side they drew not near,  
 Nor yet of ought like man did they have sight.

So dawned the day ; but like another night  
 Unto their wearied eyes it seemed to be,  
 Amid that solitude, where tree joined tree  
 For ever, as it seemed ; and nathless, they  
 Ran out the oars and gat them on their way  
 Against the ebb, and little help the flood  
 Gave them that day ; but yet for bad or good  
 They laboured on, though still with less intent,  
 More hopeless past the changeless woods they went.

But every day, more and more sluggishly  
 And shorter time, the water from the sea  
 Ran up, and failed ere eve of the third day,  
 Though slower took the downward stream its way,  
 Grown wide and dull, and here and there the wood  
 Would draw away and leave some dismal rood  
 Of quaggy land about the river's edge,  
 Where 'mid the oozes and decaying sedge  
 There wallowed ugly, nameless, dull-scaled things.

So the following contest of Atlanta with a Python is a similar piece of strong, distinct painting :—.

One worm 'twixt ship and shore her arrow slew  
 But ere her amazonian axe she drew,  
 Another monster had got slimy hold  
 Of her slim ancles, and cast fold on fold  
 About her legs, and binding thigh to thigh,  
 Wrapt round her sides, enfolding mightily  
 Her foiled right hand, then raised aloft his crest  
 Against her unembraced tender breast ;  
 But she, with one unarmed hand yet left free,  
 Still strove to ward the blow but giddily,  
 Because the deadly rings still tighter grew  
 About her heart ; yet as she fell, there flew  
 A feathered javelin swiftly from the left,  
 By Arcas desperately cast, that cleft  
 The monster's head, and dulled his glittering eyes.

Then the glad Minyæ with joyous cries  
 Cleared Argo's decks of all the monstrous things,  
 As from the maiden's limbs the slimy rings  
 Slacked and fell off : but she, so saved from death,  
 Sat weary by the mast, and drew glad breath,  
 And vowed the grey and deadly thing should shine,  
 Wrought all of gold, within Diana's shrine,

In woody fair Arcadia. But the rest,  
When they with poured-out wine the Gods had blest,  
And slayed the slain worms, gat them to the oar,  
And 'gainst the sluggish stream slid past the shore.

And the following passage, where the Argo glides through the cavern :—

So spake he, setting courage in their hearts  
To try the unknown dark, and to their parts  
All gat them swiftly, and they struck the mast,  
And deftly steered, from out the sunlight passed  
Into the cold, bat-haunted cavern low,  
And thrusting out with poles, made shift to go  
Against the stream, that with a hollow sound  
Smote Argo's stem. Then Jason, looking round,  
Trembled himself, for now, indeed, he thought,  
Though to the toiling heroes he said nought :—  
“ What do we, if this cavern, narrows now,  
Or over falls these burrowing waters flow,  
And drive us back again into the sun,  
Cursing the day this quest was first begun,  
Or somewhat traps us here, as well it may,  
And end us all, far from the light of day.”

Therewith he bade them light the torches up,  
And to the mountain Gods to pour a cup,  
And one unto the river Gods, and pray  
That they might come into the light of day,  
When they had pierced the mountain through and through.  
So from the torches trains of sparkles flew,  
And strangely flashed their arms in that dark place,  
And white and haggard showed each anxious face  
Against those dripping walls of unknown stone.

\* \* \* \*

Then Jason straightway bade more torches light,  
And Argo pushed along, flared through the night  
Of the dank cavern, and the dull place rang  
With Grecian names, as loud the heroes sang,  
For hope had come into their hearts at last.

So through the winding cave three days they passed.  
But on the fourth day Lynceus gave a cry,  
Smiting his palms together, who could spy  
Far off, a little white speck through the dark,  
As when the 'lated traveller sees the spark  
Of some fair-lighted homestead glitter bright.  
But soon to all men's eyes the joyous sight  
Showed clear, and with redoubled force they pushed  
Swift Argo forth, who through the water rushed  
As though she longed for daylight too and air,  
And so within an hour they brought her there.

Will our readers think we are quoting too lengthily, if we extract the picture of the “Island of the Hesperides,” where they saw how—

Drawn a little backward from the sea  
 There stood a marble wall wrought cunningly,  
 Rosy and white, set thick with images,  
 And over-topped with heavy-fruited trees,  
 Which by the shore ran, as the bay did bend,  
 And to their eyes had neither gap nor end,  
 Nor any gate: and looking over this  
 They saw a place not made for earthly bliss,  
 Or eyes of dying men, for growing there  
 The yellow apple and the painted pear,  
 And well-filled golden cups of oranges  
 Hung amid groves of pointed cyprus trees;  
 On grassy slopes the twining vine-boughs grew,  
 And hoary olives 'twixt far mountains blue,  
 And many-coloured flowers, like a cloud  
 The rugged southern cliffs did softly shroud;  
 And many a green-necked bird they saw alight  
 Within the slim-leaved, thorny pomegranate,  
 That flung its unstrung rubies on the grass,  
 And slowly o'er the place the wind did pass  
 Heavy with many odours that it bore  
 From thymy hills down to the sea-beat shore,  
 Because no flower there is, that all the year,  
 From spring to autumn, beareth otherwhere,  
 But there it flourished; nor the fruit alone  
 From 'twixt the green leaves and the boughs outshone,  
 For there each tree was ever flowering.

Nor was there lacking many a living thing  
 Changed of its nature, for the roe-deer there  
 Walked fearless with the tiger, and the bear  
 Rolled sleepily upon the fruit-strown grass,  
 Letting the coneys o'er his rough hide pass,  
 With blinking eyes, that meant no treachery.  
 Careless the partridge passed the red fox by;  
 Untouched the serpent left the thrushes brown,  
 And as a picture was the lion's frown.

But in the midst there was a grassy space,  
 Raised somewhat over all the flowery place,  
 On marble terrace-walls wrought like a dream;  
 And round about it ran a clear blue stream,  
 Bridged o'er with marble steps, and midmost there  
 Grew a green tree, whose smooth grey boughs did bear  
 Such fruit as never man elsewhere has seen,  
 For 'twixt the sunlight and the shadow green  
 Shone out fair apples of red gleaming gold.  
 Moreover round the tree, in many a fold,  
 Lay coiled a dragon, glittering little less  
 Than that which his eternal watchfulness  
 Was set to guard; nor yet was he alone,  
 For from the daisied grass about him shone  
 Gold raiment wrapping round two damsels fair,  
 And one upon the steps combed out her hair,  
 And with shut eyes sung low as in a dream;  
 And one stood naked in the cold blue stream,



While on the bank her golden raiment lay ;  
But on that noontide of the quivering day,  
She only, hearing the seafarers' shout,  
Her lovely golden head had turned about,  
And seen their white sail flapping o'er the wall,  
And as she turned had let her tresses fall,  
Which the thin water rippling round her knee  
Bore outward from her toward the restless sea.

Not long she stood, but looking seaward yet,  
From out the water made good haste to get,  
And catching up her raiment hastily,  
Ran up the marble stair, and 'gan to cry :—  
“Wake, O my sisters, wake, for now are come  
The thieves of *Æa* to our peaceful home.”

Then at her voice they gat them to their feet,  
And when her raiment all her body sweet  
Once more had hidden, joining hand to hand,  
About the sacred apples did they stand,  
While coiled the dragon closer to the tree,  
And raised his head above them threateningly.

The volume is one perfect oratorio of melody and beauty ; a classical story told so delightfully, that we believe it will be impossible for any reader, able to give so much time to so long a poem, to be unimpressed by the melodious power of its most flute-like notes ; its perfectly exquisite measures roll on like the pendulous beat of sea waves, exquisite art accomplishes here some of the finest and softest touches of nature. It is very long since, among recent poems, we have met with such a rich succession of unbroken delights. As to the noblest passages, we have been unable to give them ; they are too closely interwebbed with the stream of the story. As it was prophesied of—

One

Who now gets ready a great race to run  
Upon a steed whose maker thou shalt be,  
And whose course is the bitter trackless sea,—

we like to lose ourselves in its pages ; in the twilight of mythology to be in the woods with the Centaur, to imagine ourselves in those times when the intercourse between men and the invisible beings of another world was so close and intimate, and who gave the law of life, which

Knows

Why this thing perishes, and this thing grows.

The unity of the poem, and its uniform beauty, harmony, and power are remarkable, and we must be either amazingly rich

in poetry of the highest order of excellence, or careless about it altogether, if such a volume does not hold a place of eminence in such departments of literature.

Mr. Westwood is another of those writers who does not publish much, and from whom it is long since we received any contribution. In this volume he is among the old legends from whence Mr. Morris derived the subject of his first volume, *King Arthur and his Knights*. *The Legend of the Sancgreall* has presented to innumerable imaginations an attractive subject, and Mr. Westwood brings a rich store of educated taste and grace; it might well have furnished stuff for a lengthy epic. Indeed, the story of the Sancgreall, as it was given centuries ago by Parsavaal, especially with all the attendant surrounding mediæval lights, might furnish forth a far more gorgeous myth than the quest for Golden Fleece. The pages before us are a kind of idyll, something in the manner of the *Idylls of the King*, to whose verse Mr. Westwood's bears such a resemblance as one free and independent mind may bear to another, the resemblance and the difference of one flower to or from another. The verse is characterised by a careful compactness; as to Mr. Morris belongs the graceful flow of metre, so to Mr. Westwood belongs a graceful brevity, a fitness and comprehensiveness, a plentiful happening of those lines which are the happy and graphic strokes of the imagination. But leaving the *Sword of Kingship*, and the *Quest of the Sancgreall*, it may suit our purpose best to quote a wild piece—the castle of the imagination, the self-centred repose of a richly furnished individuality. It is called—

#### MY CASTLE BY THE SEA.

I LIVE alone, alone,  
In my Castle by the Sea—  
In my Castle, reared on its giant throne  
Of agate and ivory.  
From the topmost tower of all,  
High up the porphyry stair,  
At the sound of my crystal clarion's call  
I heard a sweet star-music fall  
Through the blue and balmy air.

And, aha! when the night-wind pipeth loud  
In my nets I catch a sunset cloud,  
By its golden hair;  
I catch the cloud by its golden hair—  
I drag it down the porphyry stair—  
To my wizard bower,  
Ere the darkness lower,  
My dainty prize I bear,

And it gloweth all night as in the sky,  
So rosily, so rosily !

Oh ! the pale moonlights, the merry moonlights !  
Down on the sands in the summer nights,  
I sit by the sleeping sea.  
At the sound of my crystal clarion's call,  
A sea-maid cometh, fairest of all  
Oh ! fair as love is she !—  
She twineth her arms my neck around,  
She laugheth low, with a silver sound,  
She kisseth me tenderly.

She hath brothers, the wave below,  
And a little sister fair,  
And friends a-many, youths, I trow,  
And maids, but past compare,  
She voweth, she voweth by the Sea,  
Is her love for me, her love for me !

Sometimes, when I look through her great dark eyes,  
I can *see* the love—oh ! it lies, it lies  
Deep in her soul, where the life-springs rise.  
It grows in her soul, but in her face  
It blossoms in passion and tender grace,  
And from cheek and brow, from chin and lip,  
Its odorous honey-dew I sip :—

Oh ! my flower of flowers !  
She blooms on my breast through the long night-hours ;  
While still, in its dream, the doting sea  
Crooneth and murmureth, o'er and o'er,  
Its old love ditty to the shore,  
So drowsily, so drowsily !

When the moon dips  
Her face 'neath the brine, in green eclipse,  
A voice comes sounding up from the sea ;  
A wandering voice, that sinks and swells  
And gurgles and trills alternately,  
As it soars from the depths of its ocean dells,  
Through tangled corals, and twisted shells.  
And at sound of that voice she may not stay—  
Fleeth my sea-love away, away !  
With a cloudy woe on her forehead fair,  
And a stifled moan ;  
Climbeth she never the castle stair—  
I live alone !

I live alone !  
Ever the wind saith, in an undertone,  
So it must be,—  
Ever, in storm and calm, and frolic game,  
With its grand, surging monotone, the same  
Declares the sea.  
Once said I, "*Nay, no more alone, alone !*"—  
My castle rocked upon its giant throne,



Rocked too, my life. A deathly hue o'erspread  
 Earth, air, and sea—with faltering feet I fled  
 Up the steep porphyry stair—my clarion's call  
 Wailed on the blast, but now no more, no more,  
 Through ether, from the blue, invisible shore,  
 I heard the silver-sweet star-music fall—  
 But thunders without cloud—an angry roll,  
 Then utter blackness, into which my soul  
 Sank shuddering, driven, by some o'ermastering stress,  
 Into a waste, a void, a nothingness,  
 Drear, hopeless—was it death? . . . Oh, love! oh, life!  
 Suddenly, o'er the tossing tempest's strife,  
 A clear voice pierced from wave to firmament,  
 Cleaving my torpor:—"I repent, repent"—  
 I murmured, struggling—then, with feeble moan,  
 "Be it so! evermore *alone, alone!*"  
 Joy, joy! the blackness melted into light;  
 Strong stood my Castle on its giant height;  
 The rocks of agate and of ivory  
 Shone, flushed with sunset, mirrored in the sea;  
 Sweet as of old, through purple glooms anew,  
 Fell the star-music, with the falling dew,  
 And down the porphyry stair. . . Oh! clasping hands!  
 Hers, my dear sea-maid, smiling on the sands.

I live alone! O mariner bold,  
 Sail swiftly by, sail swiftly by!  
 Turn, pilgrim, wending o'er the wold,  
 Oh, come not nigh! oh, come not nigh!

Sail on, sail on, O mariner bold,  
 Though you see the windows manifold  
 Of this my Castle by the Sea,  
 Red-litten, flashing royally.

Turn, pilgrim, turn, though you hear afar  
 A chiming of harps and the merry jar  
 Of voice and wine-cup and revelry,  
 From this, my Castle by the Sea.

No mortal foot must scale its walls,  
 No mortal pace its wizard halls,  
 Or look from its windows o'er the sea,  
 Down the rocks of agate and ivory.

From the topmost tower, at evening's fall,  
 Whoso heareth my clarion's call,  
 Let him flee, let him flee, unrestingly,  
 Or, aha! when the night-wind pipeth loud,  
 I may catch in my nets a *thunder-cloud*,  
 By its venomous, snaky hair,  
 And plucking the lightnings from their shroud,  
 Hurl down the porphyry stair,  
 Wreck and ruin and misery  
 From this, my Castle by the Sea!

Mr. Westwood's volume might well receive more attention ; it contains much true poetry, and the "Garland of Angling Rhymes," and several of the "Sonnets" especially have measures of great vivacity and sweetness.

Beneath the somewhat affected title, *Lays of a Heart*, Mr. Robinson says many sweet and unaffected things, in a considerable variety of metre. Prettiness is rather their characteristic, and many are very pretty ; the pretty shines in contrast with the great, but the pretty may be the perfectly natural ; and such seem to be many of these verses, fancies that sport in rhymes, like the following :—

It was King Will who sat in peace  
Upon his rightful throne,  
And thro' the kingdom of the heart  
He reigned, and he alone.  
With holy counsellors around,  
He framed each just decree ;  
Alas, for all that he has been,  
And all he yet shall be !

But when that woful day was come  
Of which all dirges sing,  
The passions rose in dark revolt  
Against their ancient King.  
For they were strong and he was frail,  
And so they beat him down,  
And drove him out and seized and held  
His palace and his crown.

O sad to see the strife and death,  
The darkness and decay,  
Which fill the kingdom of the heart  
Beneath their hateful sway.  
And the old King roams to and fro  
A weak and shadowy thing,  
And men forget who see him now  
That once he sat as king.

O little kingdom of the heart,  
I see thee groaning wait  
For Him who comes to chase thy foes,  
And bring thy lost estate ;  
To make thy King thy king again,  
Now strong and wise in Love ;  
And thou wilt smile in holy peace,  
And God will smile above.

The volume contains many better verses than these ; but it was in our way. We had also marked "The Done and the Undone," "On Lease," "Told over Them," and, in fact, the whole little volume is pervaded by a spirit of pensive, quiet earnestness, in which we notice little that looks like seeming beyond the title,

and much that seems the reflection of a healthful mind, not unused to the suffering aspects of life. The little volume by Mr. Sawyer is full of promise. The writer we understand to be young; he has therefore life before him to vindicate such promise as the volume seems to give. It is characterised by great flexibility and variety of metre, by great variety of subject too. If we say that it bears traces of the influence of Longfellow's style and mind in many places, we do not say so disparagingly, nor is the influence at all such as to imperil the proper personality of the younger writer; they are indeed pleasant realisations of the verses in which he says—

There is a little window in my heart  
Whereat in summer days I sit and watch,  
And pleasant nooks in far-off shires behold,  
And rustic sounds in dreamy echoes catch.

And chief, the shining village of my love  
Is bright with memories distance cannot shroud,—  
With memories sweet as violets in the night,  
Soft as cloud-shadow falling upon cloud.

Then every smitten feeling thrills with joy,  
And through me like a voice a tremour goes,  
"The ways of men," it sighs, "are weary ways,  
And only Nature yields us true repose."

A little volume, most plain and unpretensive, which we have never seen advertised or noticed by a single review. It contains infinitely more poetry than multitudes of the volumes which come forth, heralded by all preluding trumpets and announcements. The following piece seems something like the amplification and sentiment of Leigh Hunt's celebrated *About Ben Adhem*:—

#### SIGURD THE SAXON.

THEY live not in the songs of bards, who bind,  
And teach, and strengthen—him you shall not find,  
The gentle Sigurd, healer of his kind.

Yet greatly loving men; for men he nerved  
His soul for work, nor therein shrank or swerved  
But seven years a steadfast purpose served.

One year to arts that build the man he gave;  
"For what," said he, "is knowledge, if its slave  
I fall, o'ertasked and crushed into the grave?"

One year above the bones of men he bent,  
Seeking their given purpose and intent,  
Their functions, order, and development.



And in the next, among brue forms he sought  
The germs of passion, appetite, and thought,  
That complex in the human type are wrought.

Nor failed the chemic forces to explore,  
Nor the mechanic powers, nor all the lore  
Of science that upon the mortal bore.

And for one year he gave his life to song,  
And to the skill of bards attained ere long;  
And in the strength of heroes made him strong.

And when in strength and cunning he had grown  
And had of all things taken for his own;  
The seventh year he gave to thought alone.

And in that year of solitary thought  
All knowledge, seed and germ, within him wrought,  
And out of knowledge, wisdom came unsought.

Then faring forth, as one divinely sent,  
He taught, and healed, and greatly underwent,  
And suffered all things for his high intent.

And was of some mistaken and decried,  
And was of some beloved and deified,  
And nobly lived—and yet in sorrow died.

For rearward seen the road of life is clear,  
“And I am sad,” he cried, “and sore with fear,  
Since serving many, served I not *one* year.

“For upon man, years many I bestow’d,  
And for my kind the ways of knowledge trod:  
But one year gave I never—one to God!”

So died he: yet as one not wholly lorn,  
But with a hope even in darkness born—  
As out of night the promise of the morn.

A hope that clouding sight, and failing limb  
Crushed not—albeit ever faint and dim—  
That whoso serveth His best serveth Him!

Many of Mr. Sawyer's subjects have a freshness amounting to strangeness. We dare not say, nor would he thank us for saying, that we quote them because they are perfect, but because they illustrate how, through his chords of words, he can awaken and sustain an interest. One of these is the following:—

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

To the scaffold's foot she came: leaped her black eyes into flame,  
Rose and fell her panting breast,—there a pardon closely press'd.

She had heard her lover's doom. Traitor death and shameful tomb—  
Heard the price upon his head, "I will save him!" she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too, she will weep, but Ruth will do;  
Who should save him, sore distress'd, who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came, on her lips there rose his name,  
Rose, and yet in silence died,—Annie nestled by his side!

Over Annie's face he bent, round her waist his fingers went;  
"Wife" he called her—called *her* "wife!" Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay; but she coldly turned away:—  
"He has sealed his traitor fate, I can love, and I can hate!"

"Annie is his wife," they said; "be it wife, then to the dead;  
Since the dying she will mate: I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love; let this thought thy bosom move,"  
Came the jealous answer straight,—"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she: "Who has mercy upon me?  
Who? My life is desolate—I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stair she went, shouts the noonday silence rent,  
All the air was quick with cries,—"See the traitor!—see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream, saw the axe upswinging gleam:  
All her woman's anger died,—"from the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!" Quick the parchment she unroll'd:  
Paused the axe in upward swing,—"He is pardoned! Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long: all about the scaffold throng,  
There entwining, fold in fold, raven tresses, locks of gold.

There, against Ruth's tortured breast, Annie's tearful face is press'd,  
While the white lips murmuring move—"I can hate—but I can love!"

We would quote some passages from the "Alps of Sleep,"  
from "Amy's Secret," "The Haunted Room," "The Mariner  
"at the Gate," "The Painted Window;" but we must quote no  
more, unless we except some of those verses in which the writer  
reads over some of the old lessons of life. "Thought-out in  
"the Coppice" is not wasted thought, if practically the thought  
yields the following result:—

Evermore the world-old queries  
Vainly we repeat,  
Whence? and What? and Wither? ever  
Keenest guess defeat.

Or if, haply, earnest pleading  
Meet an answering tone,  
Never is a truth imparted  
But a duty shown.

With enkindled souls for knowledge  
Piteously we plead :  
But the truth for man is measured  
Strictly to his need.

The eternities are shrouded,  
Space eludes our ken :  
But not earth—nor time for duty—  
Nor our fellow-men.

Wonder all !—within, around us,  
Maze of broken clue !  
Knowledge bound by obligation,—  
We but know—to do.

Mr. Sawyer's unpretensive little volume is as full of promise as any first effort we have seen for a long time from a young singer. If he cares for such reputation as is to be won from verse-making in publishing verses, which will probably seem to him, in a year or two, the idlest of all human occupations, we should think he bids fair to drink largely of such fame, unsatisfactory where it is not the highest of the highest.

None of the American volumes are of very great account among the deeds of the poets ; but they all deserve mention, as they have all fallen in our way. Mr. Montclair's is as dainty a volume as we have ever laid hand upon. It gleams white, pure, and perfect in its external setting, like a wreath of orange-blossoms for a bride's brow at a wedding-breakfast ; and the writer has power rather to leave the old forms than to deal strongly with the new, to which he adapts his words and visions. Perhaps, at the first glance, the reader will almost persuade himself that he has a volume of fresh and new verse. We fear that a little further acquaintance will rob it of this charm, but there will still remain a sense of pleasant versification, indicating rather tact and aptitude than genius. His verses, if they are to be placed beneath any order of poetry, we know of no other to which we should assign them than that of Mr. Emerson. They are not without signs of affectation ; indeed, perhaps the signs are rather marked and numerous, of broken abruptness of style and metre ; a selection of subjects remote from ordinary sympathies, subjects suggested to readers rather than to average human hearts. We can scarcely congratulate the writer upon his achievement of the intention he expresses in the first line of his " Proem,"—

Clearer to think what others thought before,—

yet there is ease and even felicity of diction, and several of his



translations from the German seem to have more than an average success. The verses themselves have so far an average of power that we scarcely know whence to select our illustrations of the writer's method. Perhaps the following will confirm the estimate we have formed, and give the reader the further information that Mr. Montclair seems to enjoy more the impressions from the scenes of nature than the pulsations or anatomy of the human heart; and even here his taste is rather to depict Nature than to seize her innermost secret.

## WINTER WEATHER.

THE quickening flood-rays of sunlight and heat  
Stream far away South, to the song-bird's retreat.

In feathery flocks pale creatures of air  
Alight on the grain-fields stiff, frozen, and bare.

Like a freebooter prisoned, in penance and woe,  
In the belfry sits hungry the black-a-moor crow.

The owl in the hawthorn complains to the moon;  
The bee in its cell drones a monastery tune.

The cricket rests mute, 'neath the moss and the mould;  
The squirrel cracks nuts in the tree-caverns old.

All silent and crisp lies the sinuous deep;  
The avalanche rolls from the mountainous steep.

O'er the diamond-decked cot of the "emerald vale"  
The moon sheds its frosted beams, spectral and pale.

The blast laps the hearth-fire, pipes shrill by the door,  
Looks in at the threshold and searches the floor.

It hums in the gables, tattoos round the house;  
It doubles the window—it ferrits the mouse.

The wolf-mother tenderly shelters her own;  
The infant rocks safe on its billow of down.

The frost locks the beggar in drowsy embrace;  
The mountain is scarred, and the boulders give place.

Hemlock trees revel in snowy delight,  
As if robed and begemmed for a festival night.

Withered leaves rustle in skeleton groves;  
In the rattling tree-boughs the North-Wind roves.

The North-Wind—that tracks the explorer's lost way,  
By the crystalline bridges that span Baffin's Bay.

He has whirled on Earth's axis, and swept the bleak pole;  
At his going the surf-bells their monody toll.

Yet so different, as almost to give a mute contradiction to our just expressed criticism, is

UNREST.

LIFE in life lies deeply hidden—  
Germ in germ mysterious grows;  
Unrest is our birth condition:  
Earth-born hope has no repose.

Where the peach infolds the almond—  
Where the apple blooms a rose—  
Wond'rous workings doth creation  
To the hidden grub disclose:

It may quaff of sap pulsations  
Ere they swell the luscious grape;  
And it threads the sprouting acorn  
Lifting unto giant shape.

Unrest speaks the longing lily,  
Whispering to postman bee:  
"Take this love-note, soft and silken,  
To the blushing rose for me."

Feathered guests, tree-born and nestled,  
When they learn to love and woo,  
Strike their leafy tents, and, restive,  
Aërial desert-paths pursue.

And the barbèd fish, unerring,  
Dart, like arrows, through the flood;  
Reach remembered hygeine fountains,  
Safe to rear their tiny brood.

Distant poles to parched equator  
Greetings send, in breezy flight;  
Twinkling star-land beams its kisses  
To the murmuring waves by night.

And beside our household altars,  
From the lips of tenderest years,  
Prayers of unrest, prayers of longing,  
Nightly waft to holier spheres.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Montclair upon being more than one of the thousand; we cannot think that he will attain to any place by the side of Whittier, or Aldrich, or Lowell, though we fear this harsh verdict of ours may compel him to consign us to the doom he registers in the last verse of the following piece against

THE ABDERITES.

I.

In the library alcove of Abdera old  
Lay a volume, begemmed, and enclasped with gold.

Each page was aglow with Homeric Greek—  
Such as fell from their lips when the gods did speak ;  
And its mystical truths, that were heavy with lore,  
Gushed out, as the founts that from heart-strings pour.

## II.

'Tis known that the Abderites long had forsook,  
For plow and for traffic, both pencil and book ;  
And were changed to a plodding and sinewy race,  
Whose day-dreams to thrift and to riches gave place.  
Though they harboured the classics, they honoured them not,  
And their tasks and tuitions "forgave and forgot."  
That the many in listlessness soundly might sleep,  
They retained six curators, dogmatic and deep :—  
A blacksmith, a cooper, a scrivener in kind—  
Of a painter's, a glazier's, a pedagogue's mind ;  
Who met within temples of high-mitred pride—  
Where in office and pomp vain assumption may hide ;  
Rehearsing taste's canons, and fixing art's laws,  
They furnished the dictums to thoughtless applause.

## III.

This faculty measured and sounded the book,  
With a cynical, owlsh, and spectacled look.  
The blacksmith first stroked his beard and said :  
The clasps were too soft, and too tenderly made.  
To the cooper the binding seemed far more frail  
Than the hoop-banded covers of barrel and bale.  
The painter he vowed that the pictures would fade:  
The colours were thin, and too sparingly laid.  
The glazier adjudged that the jewels so fair  
Did not, in their sparkle, with crystals compare  
The scrivener remarked : things purest and best  
Should be tried by a gall-flavoured, inkstand test.  
Then stood forth the umpire of highest repute,  
Bent crooked by study—profoundly astute :  
He pondered, he read, and he shook his head ;  
He nayed, and he brayed—but nothing he said.'

We cannot lay down a volume like this without some sense of respect. Not every man who writes verses can hope to attain a very eminent place, but, as Coleridge said for himself, so the humblest singer may say, who sings, in reality, out of reality, "Poetry is its own exceeding great reward." Those who are unable to move the multitudes in the concert-hall, may utter notes which friends by the fireside will listen to, not only with patience, but pleasure; and Mr. Montclair has so much flexibility of verse, that if he would choose his subjects more from the common ways of common men and women, and less from books and recondite thoughts, he would assuredly be listened to with more pleasure, and men more immediately see and feel the drift of his verse.



Is Mr. Emerson a poet? Certainly he does not answer to the ordinary demands we make on the poet, but as certainly, if to set the mind in motion by the magnetic touch of subtlest impressions be one of the conditions of poetry, he is one. All his essays, among their many vices of thought, have this characteristic, and all his poems read like the condensed epigrams, instinct with the spiritual force and feeling, we meet with in his essays. The quiet wildness of the Pantheist shines with its bright drop of half insane glitter, like the eye of a Divine madness, in all his lines. Who would think of calling the following verses a poem? Yet they set forth one of Mr. Emerson's most famous and favourite doctrines, nay, perhaps his whole system of thought; in four verses they condense the sum and substance of Pantheism. Well can we imagine readers pondering them over until at a loss to know whether it is reader or writer who is drunk or mad in this doctrinal poetry, this hymn for some future Broad Church, by which we learn that everything is in everything, and everything in nothing, and nothing in everything, and all the wheres and hows of time and space existing nowhere and nohow. What a heap of nonsense is this reviewer talking, our readers say. Make sense, then, from these four verses; as a creed they seem better to represent Buddha than Brahma :—

## BRAHMA.

IF the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
The vanquished gods to me appear;  
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
When me they fly, I am the wings;  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
But thou, meek lover of the good,  
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Mr. Emerson, whatever may have been the previous transmigrations through which he has passed, retains the instinct of the forest, the river, the mountain, and the sky. He is a wonderful impersonal being himself. Whether he uses words alone,

or melts them down into verse, they seem like the floating of an impersonal, inobjective intelligence. Man, he teaches everywhere, is an instinct without any determination, as we should call it, of will or conscience; he floats like a cloud, or, like a river, he also moves on, and, like a raindrop, mingles into the all-in-all, as he teaches us in the last verse of—

## TWO RIVERS.

THY summer voice, Musketaquit,  
Repeats the music of the rain,  
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit  
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks are pent :  
The stream I love unbounded goes  
Through flood and sea and firmament ;  
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,  
I hear the spending of the stream  
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,  
Through passion, thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,  
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay ;  
They lose their grief who hear his song,  
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—  
Who drinks it shall not thirst again ;  
No darkness stains its equal gleam,  
And ages drop in it like rain.

Mr. Emerson's poetry is not ready-made, it has that merit; the winds which come to us, the hedgerows and flowers which line the ways along which we walk, do not more certainly demand a listening, active, and appreciative mind than he. There are writers whose verses and poems are like the recitations and scenery of a theatre, they find the mind idle and they leave it so; the sense receives and enjoys this, and no more. But whatever may be the merits of these verses, if the reader does not bring with him an active mind he may as well lift up a stone. True to the items of his creed, Mr. Emerson sings the utility of all things, and the simplest ways of man and nature are beautiful to him, and give him lessons. With two very opposite pieces we close our citations.

## ART.

GIVE to barrows, trays, and pans  
Grace and glimmer of romance ;  
Bring the moonlight into noon  
Hid in gleaming piles of stone ;

On the city's pavèd street  
Plant gardens lined with lilacs sweet;  
Let spouting fountains cool the air,  
Singing in the sun-baked square;  
Let statue, picture, park, and hall,  
Ballad, flag, and festival,  
The past restore, the day adorn,  
And make to-morrow a new morn.  
So shall the drudge in dusty frock  
Spy behind the city clock  
Retinues of airy kings,  
Skirts of angels, starry wings,  
His fathers shining in bright fables,  
His children fed at heavenly tables.  
'Tis the privilege of Art  
Thus to play its cheerful part,  
Man on earth to acclimate,  
And bend the exile to his fate,  
And, moulded of one element  
With the days and firmament,  
Teach him on these as stairs to climb,  
And live on even terms with Time;  
Whilst upper life the slender rill  
Of human sense doth overfill.

One of the sweetest pieces in his peculiar vein is "The Titmouse," who in winter weather cheers the heart of the poet with his work and his song :—

Here was this atom in full breath,  
Hurling defiance at vast death;  
This scrap of valour just for play  
Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,  
As if to shame my weak behaviour;  
I greeted loud my little saviour,  
"You pet! what dost here? wand hat for?  
In these woods, thy small Labrador,  
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!  
What fire burns in that little chest  
So frolic, stout, and self-possessed?  
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;  
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.  
Why are not diamonds black and gray,  
To ape thy dare-devil array?  
And I affirm, the spacious North  
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.  
I think no virtue goes with size:  
The reason of all cowardice  
Is, that men are overgrown,  
And, to be valiant, must come down  
To the titmouse dimension."

'Tis good-will makes intelligence,  
And I began to catch the sense



or melts them down into verse, they seem like the floating of an impersonal, inobjective intelligence. Man, he teaches everywhere, is an instinct without any determination, as we should call it, of will or conscience; he floats like a cloud, or, like a river, he also moves on, and, like a raindrop, mingles into the all-in-all, as he teaches us in the last verse of—

## TWO RIVERS.

THY summer voice, Musketaquit,  
Repeats the music of the rain,  
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit  
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks are pent:  
The stream I love unbounded goes  
Through flood and sea and firmament;  
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,  
I hear the spending of the stream  
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,  
Through passion, thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,  
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;  
They lose their grief who hear his song,  
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—  
Who drinks it shall not thirst again;  
No darkness stains its equal gleam,  
And ages drop in it like rain.

Mr. Emerson's poetry is not ready-made, it has that merit; the winds which come to us, the hedgerows and flowers which line the ways along which we walk, do not more certainly demand a listening, active, and appreciative mind than he. There are writers whose verses and poems are like the recitations and scenery of a theatre, they find the mind idle and they leave it so; the sense receives and enjoys this, and no more. But whatever may be the merits of these verses, if the reader does not bring with him an active mind he may as well lift up a stone. True to the items of his creed, Mr. Emerson sings the utility of all things, and the simplest ways of man and nature are beautiful to him, and give him lessons. With two very opposite pieces we close our citations.

## ART.

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Grace and glimmer of romance;  
Bring the moonlight into noon  
Hid in gleaming piles of stone;

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'Tis good-will makes intelligence,  
And I began to catch the sense

Of my bird's song: "Live out of doors,  
 In the great woods, on prairie floors.  
 I dine in the sun; when he sinks in the sea,  
 I too have a hole in a hollow tree;  
 And I like less when Summer beats  
 With stifling beams on these retreats,  
 Than noontide twilights which snow makes  
 With tempest of the blinding flakes.  
 For well the soul, if stout within,  
 Can arm impregnably the skin;  
 And polar frost my frame defied,  
 Made of the air that blows outside."

With glad remembrance of my debt,  
 I homeward turn; farewell, my pet!  
 When here again thy pilgrim comes,  
 He shall bring store of seeds and crumbs.  
 Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,  
 Thou first and foremost shall be fed;  
 The Providence that is most large  
 Takes hearts like thine in special charge,  
 Helps who for their own need are strong,  
 And the sky dotes on cheerful song.

Mrs. Stowe has not, like some of our great novelists, an almost equal fame as a poet, but in the very pretty volume before us we find some sweet verses, and, as our readers will expect, in a very different key to those we have cited above. Most of them are tender, and seem to have a tone of subdued grief in them—elegies for the most part, or in the strain of the elegy, and some especially called forth by domestic bereavement. Here are some verses which will speak to parents:—

"ONLY A YEAR."

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice, a clear blue eye,  
 And clustering curls of sunny hair, too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile, no glance of eye,  
 No clustering curls of golden hair, fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes far into life!  
 What joyous hopes, what high resolves, what generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall, the burial stone,  
 Of all that beauty, life, and joy remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year, and so much gone!  
 And yet the even flow of life moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair, above that head:  
 No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds, that sing above,  
 Tells us how coldly sleeps below the form we love.



Where hast thou been this year, beloved? what hast thou seen?  
What visions fair, what glorious life, where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong! 'twixt us and thee;  
The mystic veil! when shall it fall, that we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone, but present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead, our Saviour dear!  
We lay in silence at Thy feet this sad, sad year!

And, in the same sweet and simple vein, the following:—

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;  
Amid our worldly cares,  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,  
They have no power to break;  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,  
So near to press they seem,  
They lull us gently to our rest,  
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring  
'Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye, and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And gently drawn in loving arms,  
To swoon to that—from this,—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still;  
 Press nearer to our side;  
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
 A dried and vanished stream;  
 Your joy be the reality,  
 Our suffering life the dream.

We have a good deal of sympathy with the verses, "The Old  
 "Psalm Tune":—

THE OLD PSALM TUNE.

You asked, dear friend, the other day,  
 Why still my charmed ear  
 Rejoiceth in uncultured tone  
 That old psalm tune to hear?

• • • • •

Those halting tones that sound to you,  
 Are not the tones I hear;  
 But voices of the loved and lost  
 There meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice,—  
 Those were the words she sung;  
 I hear my brother's ringing tones,  
 As once on earth they rung;

And friends that walk in white above  
 Come round me like a cloud,  
 And far above those earthly notes  
 Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord, as you say:  
 Those voices poorly ring;  
 But there's no discord in the strain  
 Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest,  
 The calm and glorified,  
 Whose hours are one eternal rest  
 On heaven's sweet floating tide.

• • • • •

Bells from our own dear fatherland,  
 Borne trembling o'er the sea,—  
 The narrow sea that they have crossed,  
 The shores where we shall be.

O sing, sing on, beloved souls!  
 Sing cares and griefs to rest;  
 Sing, till entranced we arise  
 To join you 'mong the blest.

A beautiful little volume, very sweetly illustrated. Most of the verses will read to instructed hearts with a pensive remembrance; it is a volume likely to form, to those who prize such things, a not unacceptable little present. It has few lines of very strongly marked power; perhaps that which will seem most marked in this way is the "Charmer," lines on the fountains of Socrates, and the Saviour; but, as our readers may gather from our quotations, there are many lines and verses which cannot fail to touch and to soothe.



## IV.

## SUNDRY QUESTIONS CONCERNING MAN.

“**K**NOW thyself,” ran the ancient oracle. Excellent advice, as every one will admit, but rather hard to follow. It is not easy to know much about man ; to know all that we should like to know, is, truth to tell, impossible. Lewes’s *Biographical History of Philosophy* is one of the saddest of books, a mere wreck register of theories of human nature. Our venture here may also come to grief ; but we have looked long and closely at the courses which have led to shipwreck, and shall try to steer accordingly more safely, groping our way cautiously to certainty.

The only sources of certainty are the four following—viz., consciousness, experimental science, logical or mathematical demonstration, and the testimony of competent and credible witnesses. These, and these alone, we shall question, noting, as we go along, the source which supplies the answer.

I.—*How came man to be, and to be what he is ?*

This, being a question about an event of the distant past, can best be answered by the testimony of a competent and credible witness of the fact ; and this we have (as can be abundantly proved) in the Bible, the Word of God. Its answer is, in substance, that “God made man in his own image,” and that from the first pair created by God have sprung all nations and races of men.

The philosophers demur, growling savagely. But what would they have ? One class of them maintains that the specific differences of the races of men are so great that all mankind cannot possibly have sprung from one pair. Another class as loudly affirms that the generic differences between man and monkey are so slight that the one must have been developed out of the other, no creative act at all being required. Both cannot be right, both may very well be wrong ; so we shall for the present turn them both out of court, with advice to tarry at Jericho, till their theories are grown.

The answer given in Scripture is not only satisfactory, but sublime.

God creating—thinking the universe into being ; this world—God's poetry ; and His masterpiece, a picture of Himself—Man!

Man is the image of God in more ways than one.

1. As in the Deity there are three persons in one nature, in man there are three natures (matter, mind, and vital force) in one person. There is not a repetition of the peculiarity of the anti-type, nor is this necessary. Who wants to see his portrait walking, or speaking, or having the characteristics of man? So, then, as the portrait is to man, such is man to God. Both are trinity in unity, and each a deep, dark mystery. This is called the physical or natural image.

2. In God there are three attributes, fully distinct, original every one of them, yet the three necessarily eternal and necessarily inseparable—viz., existence, thought, and emotion (the outcome of which is moving power). We find the likeness of these in the soul of man. This is called the spiritual or vital image.

3. There has been, there may be, and we hope there shall be, an image of God in man, the moral image, consisting in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness ; the mind seeing clearly and knowing surely ; the conscience acting with the quietness, precision, and force of a natural law, and the heart delighting in beauty and goodness, and breathing purity and love.

4. God fitted man to be his vicar and representative on earth, hence there was what has been called the relative image of God. Man, gifted with poetic and creative powers, entered into and carried on God's own task of embellishing the earth ; blessed with the Father's tender care and love, he was to be the kindly foster-father of all living things, and, guided by God's will, he was to guide and govern all the creatures around him. No doubt man, being the responsible head and reasonable soul of the earth, was also its priest before God, but being the son of God, he was maker, father, and lord on earth, God's representative, interpreter, and image.

## II.—*What is man?*

Observation, experimental science, must begin the answer. It finds in man, first, "a material frame; second, a moving force; and third, a guiding mind. All the three are necessary to the nature, yet all original, all distinct.

Of the moving force we know little: it is quite certain that there is in man such an element, and that it is closely akin to the forces of external nature, not matter and not mind, yet capable of acting from and upon both; being the medium and

connecting link between the two in man. In every action this force is present. It may be a product of the one or of the other, or of neither, or more probably still, it may be evolved in the chemical union of the two.

Of the body we know more. It is an element of man, not an accident. Man is not, as some heathens, ancient and modern, speak, a lovely soul in a loathly cage. Fancy the impudence of the soul, which leads the poor brute body into all its ugly scrapes, setting up such a plea ! The body would behave well enough were it not for the rascal soul that misguides it.

The body is an *element* of man, and not the least important. *God formed MAN out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and MAN became a living soul.* Man is an embodied soul, or an ensouled body, which you will. There is scarcely one human action which is not traceable to the union of the two, and everything that befalls the one affects the other. Thus it happens that he is a poor physician who does not pay attention to the mind of his patient, and he is but a sorry preacher who knows metaphysics only.

Think of what people can do with drugs ; how they can play with the mind almost as they please ; produce gladness, or fright, or despair, or defiance ; make a stupid fellow brilliant, or a wit idiotic, a coward fierce, or a hero imbecile. See the chapter on "Narcotics," in Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*. It is perfectly possible that the various mental states of man may be dependent on material substances evolved in or received into his body.

Besides, changes of moral and mental character, most painful and surprising, have been produced by accidents befalling the body, and by diseases of various kinds.

Ought the Christian to shrink from such thoughts ? Certainly not. The spiritualist may, and those who talk about *heaven being our home* ; but to us who say, and who mean what we (with the whole Church) say, in the Creed, "I believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting," we rejoice that this glorious and primeval truth has found, thus late, an argument so strong. It is no Elysium of shadows that we look for as the final glory, but bright, new heavens, and a beautiful new earth, and whole man, body and soul, made perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God.

But we have only touched half of the truth ; the influence of the soul upon the body is equally wonderful, only less startling, because more familiar to our thought. The muscles of an arm that in life could raise great weights, are torn asunder in death by a comparatively small force. A poor creature, spent to a



shadow, his sinews worn to mere threads, can, under delirium, battle with robust men. A cataract needle has been snapped in the eyeball by the sudden closing of the patient's eyelid; a drop of water on a criminal's neck, as he waited for the headsman's stroke, has destroyed life at once. Paralysis, insanity, and even death, have been caused by sudden and violent emotion. Every one knows the difference to his own strength produced by joy, or hope, or terror, or despair.

Besides, the figurative language of all nations may be appealed to, as showing how clearly all mankind have seen the mutual influence of soul and body. Mental emotions, of various kinds, are described as affections of the body in its different organs, the heart, the liver, &c. Certain it is that the mind and the body lie very much at each other's mercy.

Were this more widely known, or rather were it duly felt by all who know it, it would be a happy thing [for many a poor fellow whose friends are dealing with the wrong elements in him. Some are doctored to death, when the thing they need is "a soul at perfect peace with God." On the other hand, cases of religious melancholy pass into insanity, because they have been treated as *sin*, not as what they truly are, sore disease. We could cite cases of persons of high moral and mental character, in whom disease of the brain first showed itself in acts of reckless folly or strange crime. Not a few lost lives might have been saved to usefulness and honour by a few months of retirement, rest, and change; in short, by people duly considering this marvellous frame of ours, and treating it with its just honour.

### III.—What is the soul of man?

We have taken for granted hitherto that man *has* a soul, an element of him quite distinct from, and capable of existing without, the body. But we know very well that everyone does not grant this. It is quite true that there is scarcely anyone so stupid as to suppose the soul to be a *lump of matter*, we need not notice any such notion. But we cannot safely disdain the idea that the operations which we call mental are mere products of organisation, like digestion or breathing; this we must face and disprove if we can. We say then,—

1. Consciousness does not support this notion; it is wholly opposed to it. It is most certain that the body is being changed continually, so that every particle of the frame is new every few months; but the mind is conscious that its self remains unaltered, or, to say the least, is not conscious that it is altered. Will anyone tell us that the smoke of a fire will remain unchanged while fuel, subject to a thousand mishaps, is being added in the most

varying quantities? If the soul were a product of organic chemistry, as smoke is of inorganic, could the soul retain its serene assurance of personal identity? We think not.

2. Neither does science countenance the idea. Ludwig, speaking of this question, says, "This one conclusion stands certain, that none of the organs (of the nervous system) generates the functions of the soul. The various functions of man, as a sentient and intelligent being, and all the phenomena of his body depending on nervous influence, are traceable to no essential differences either in the anatomical structure or in the chemical composition of the nervous matter. The nerve regulating a secretion is similar to the nerve that serves vision." The dissimilar results, therefore, of the various nerves are due, not to them, but to *something which uses them*.

3. The nerves convey impressions to the centre of the brain, but nobody feels anything *there*. It is clear that the thinking and feeling something is there, using the telegraphic wires that stretch from its presence to the outside world, and that it treats all the affections of the nerves as caused from *outside*. Hence a man, whose leg has been amputated, sometimes finds his ghosts of toes plague him sadly; so hard is it for the thinker and feeler in the centre of the brain to realise that its telegraphic wires are snapped midway.

4. The thinking and feeling self uses or disuses the body and its organs according as it *attends* or relaxes attention. What marvels have been wrought by attention, and what queer things have come of abstraction! Yet the body, in all these cases, trotted about with equal sobriety, and had very little to do with the varying mood of the mind.

5. This self creates. It is strong even physically; the willing soul makes the body strangely capable of service and suffering. A thin, pale cockney has often walked a Highland gillie off his feet, and little, brave sailor boys have sometimes survived men of thrice their strength and thrice their weight, when exposed together after shipwreck. But it was not to this that we referred, in saying that the soul creates. We pointed to the strange fact that a word, a sound, a perfume, will raise a whole scene in an instant before self, that the mention of a friend's name shall bring his presence so near, like Paddy's telescope, that we can almost hear him speak. How could this body of ours accomplish that?

6. Or how could it give us dreams, sleeping or waking?

7. The brain is the organ which yields mental action, if that be a product of organisation. But the mind is not so dependent on the brain as that would infer. In many most clear, and dis-

similar, cases of insanity, careful anatomy has discovered positively nothing amiss in the brain. On the other hand, severe injuries to the brain, even such as caused a loss of substance, and diseases which left considerable portions of brain disorganised and dead, have been found consistent with entire sanity. No doubt such mischief in the organ was an inconvenience to the mind, but assuredly the loss of a portion of the brain did not abolish a proportionate quantity of mind-power.

We can safely affirm, therefore, that "there is a spirit in man," truly existing and clearly distinguished from the body.

But what is the soul, spirit, or mind, we speak of? Nobody knows. Nobody knows what *matter* is either. We must be content if we can find out, with any clearness, the functions of the soul, its states and acts.

Consciousness ought to be able to tell us what these are.

But here it may be as well to warn the reader that he has a rough bit of road before him, and that unless he has resolution enough to brace his mind to attention, it will be as well for him to skip to the next question, for the following page contains the results of years of the hardest and most devoted study of which the writer was capable. The morsel about the *will* alone, is all he has to show for ten months of unrelaxed and concentrated thought; and it seems, to himself, well worth the effort.

Consciousness tells us that we *think*, we *feel*, and we *move*.

THOUGHT may be all reduced to *perception* and *conception*. By the first kind of thought we take photographs of things presented to us, observing facts (in simple perception), and noting differences or agreements in them (in judgment, analysis, and synthesis). By the second kind of thought we recollect our photographs (in memory), and change, combine, and divide them (in imagining). Thus, too, we re-present our conceptions to ourselves, and can perceive our own thoughts and those of other people.

FEELING, as distinct from emotion (which is active, while mere feeling is *passive*), is the state into which our nature passes when consciously affected by objects either perceived or conceived. It may be reduced to two kinds, in the one of which we feel the agreeable; in the other of which we feel the right. The first we may roughly describe as taste, which feels these qualities—goodness, power, and beauty, in all their degrees, even to their extreme contraries. The second kind of feeling is conscience, which feels three relations—viz., property, authority, and duty. When taste acts in any of its three senses, we like or dislike; when conscience acts in any of its three senses, we approve or condemn.



Taste and conscience are instinctive feelings, not intellectual judgments—not thought at all, but mere feeling. Thought brings us in contact with the object, that is all; the moment the contact is established, we (without thinking about it) either delight in the object as agreeable or as right, or else resent against it as offensive or as wrong.

MOVEMENT is in general the product of the union of body and soul. Now, however, we are looking for the action proper to the soul; therefore we must sweep away from the field all movements but those which are intelligent and voluntary. A rare sweep it is!

We throw out, first, the physical operations necessary to life, as breathing, pulsation, and the like. These the mind may disturb, but cannot produce, nor even control. Out, next, with involuntary intelligent actions, such as the recoil from a precipice, coughing, &c., which the mind does not guide, and which it can hardly check or control. Out, next, with the bodily appetites, which are more under the control of the mind, it is true, than those movements just mentioned, but which are certainly not mental actions.

Mental movement may be emotion or impulse. The first is consequent upon *feeling* in taste or conscience, in which the mind is started into activity, like the upspring of a hammer dashed on an anvil. The emotions are suitable to the passive feelings which have called them into being, and are such as these—attention or curiosity, admiration, love, trust, hope, sympathy, emulation, fear, resentment, and contempt. These, repeatedly called into action, become *propensities*, impelling tendencies, which we should call impulses, but that we prefer keeping that name for those two great blind instincts—which act always, and which need no contact with objects to keep them moving—the selfish instinct, which seeks our own comfort, and the social instinct, which makes man always feel it not good to be alone, and which the lonely student gratifies amidst his silent, smiling, subservient friends, that never hurt his feelings nor assail his dignity.

WILL is the operation of the whole soul, in all its three functions. In every intelligent voluntary action we can always detect, with the utmost ease, thought, taste, or conscience, and emotion—acting, all of them, twice over, first with regard to the *end* in view, the thing which is somehow to be done, and then with regard to the *means* for doing what is to be done.

The soul first sees and considers the end in view; it sanctions the end, and the suitable emotion springs up, ready to go out, if outlet be given it in action. The soul then considers the

outlets possible, sanctions (or it may be selects) one as most agreeable or right, and the emotion already excited with this new impulse flows into the nervous system as *motive power*. We have no more hesitation in affirming that *emotion is directly transmuted into motion* than in saying that *caloric is motive force* in the world around us.

If this view of ours be substantially correct, it will prove of no small use in the difficult questions about free will. No man will deny that he has the power of directing his thoughts, of educating his taste and conscience, and of controlling and guiding his emotion; but that power, so far as it goes, is self-determining freedom. *How far* the power might go, I suspect no man has ever put to proof; it certainly has not, in any case we ever heard of, done for man all that needs to be done. The truth seems to be that man may easily make himself *better than he is*, but God only can ever make him *good*. Free will and irresistible grace are two great and, we might say, self-evident facts; we all take the one for granted when we counsel, praise, or blame, the other when we pray to God; so, happily, many who are terrible Arminians when in the pulpit are good sound Calvinists when on their knees.

But have we not been accepting too gloomy an estimate of the condition of human nature, in speaking of it as we have done? We think not; yet it may be well to make that our next question.

IV.—*What is the present condition of man's nature ?*

All the sources of knowledge offer important contributions to the answer. They all—consciousness, experience, and testimony of God and of man—agree that man is now not what he might be, not what he has been, and not what he ought to be. It were as easy to believe that the fossils of the earth were originally created just what we now find them as to believe that man left his Creator's hands the poor thing he is now. The most pitiful relic of better days the earth contains is its poor Nebuchadnezzar of a king and head—man.

Disease is universal. Men may differ widely, it is true, in physical health; but it is not too much to say that no man enjoys the strength, gladness, and beauty of which his nature is capable.

The soul has no longer full control over the bodily appetites, they war against the soul. Nay, more, it seems as though the mere contact with the sinful flesh infected the soul, which it receives pure from God. We cannot conceive God creating the soul unholy, sinful, and unhappy; yet as early as it gives

us the least glimpse of its condition, we never fail to find it thus.

Some will, we know, find fault with our speaking of sinful flesh, on the ground "that sin is a quality of intelligent voluntary actions only." We flatly deny this; conscience blames certain bodily states as *wrong*. Peevishness, passionateness, apathy, impulses to impurity, greed, and despair, even when these are caused by organisation, are stoutly condemned by conscience, although they are widely distinct from wilful sins, as they are indeed from intelligent voluntary actions.

The truth is, as we have shown above, that man is a chemical compound, one new thing, having three elements, not a mechanical composition, having three distinct parts; so that in any human action it becomes scarcely possible to distinguish what each element contributes to the result. Now, conscience does not care to distinguish very minutely the origin of the thing it blames; its only question is, Can the man control himself? Even within the limits of *insanity* conscience passes, approving or blaming actions, in so far as they can be controlled. Only when it finds self-control wholly lost, so that every action is a mere mechanical convulsion, does conscience retire, leaving its sister, Taste, to shudder and mourn.

The soul itself is gravely diseased. That there must be something amiss with the intellect might be, we think, very clear to those who deny the fall of man, for the rest of mankind must be terribly stupid to cling so fast to the opposite, the wrong doctrine. If man's intellect be anything like what these philosophers think it, how comes it that we cannot approve what they say? So far from approving it, we rather incline to point to them as striking examples of distorted intellect. But all men are more or less silly and senseless; that is the evident truth, and the wisest will ever be found the most ready to own their own foolishness.

Taste and conscience are also sorely disordered, misleading and deceiving, or else saddening and tormenting us.

From our emotions, propensities, and impulses, in like manner, we have a vast and various heritage of sin and misery. What need to dwell here on such trite commonplaces?

The consequence of this unhealthiness of body and soul is unhappiness equally universal. Not that all men are equally sad, still less that a man's sadness is ever commensurate with his faultiness; but the sadness exists everywhere in many varying degrees of intensity, from mere fits of seriousness and spasms of pain up to thorough weariness of life.

Be it well understood that all such sadness belongs to *sin*, not to *salvation*. It is a gross and disgraceful mistake to make eagerness



to die a token of advanced piety. Whatever be the cause of such a mood, whether it be bodily disease, or outraged vanity, or thwarted ambition, or disappointed covetousness, or sheer laziness, or exhaustion, or windmills in the head, this state of mind is never right or respectable. We may pity or excuse, but will never honour it.

Poor, aged Paul, shivering in his dungeon, worn out through incessant toil and various sorrow, shut up from society and deserted by everybody, might well have been excused had he fostered the wish to depart and to be with Christ. But this he did not; like the godly and noble hero he was, he chose rather to remain at his post of duty. May God guard us all against this cowardly and pitiful weariness of life, and its accompanying senseless blasphemy against this grand and fair world, as from an evil disease that grows fast, and surely, speedily, and thoroughly unfits for following Christ!

The future of man might well have our attention now; but the whole great field could not well be sketched, even in the most cursory manner, in any space we could expect to secure. Without going into theology, however, we may face one question more, to close the circle we have had in view of nature's teaching about man

#### *V.—Is the soul of man immortal?*

Most of those who say it is, lay the chief stress upon the soul's immateriality. Being immaterial it must be indestructible, they seem to say.

This is amusingly and absurdly inconclusive. The only thing which nature knows as naturally indestructible is atomic matter. Neither science nor revelation hint that a single atom which God has made shall ever perish. The mind of brutes may be immaterial, probably it is: must we therefore admit the immortality of brutes? If we could show that the soul of man is, physically, exactly similar to a material atom, we should be then abundantly able to prove its indestructibility.

And, lastly, the soul forebodes a future life, with an intuition so strong, that men who hate the thought, and who would disbelieve it if they could, cannot rid themselves of it. Reason also comes to the support of this intuition, declaring that there must be a future life, in which right shall be triumphant and wrong undone and rooted out for ever.

We affirm that there is a great similarity between them. They are both immeasurable, so comparison of size is impossible; they are both simple, not composed of parts nor compounded of elements; they both positively exist in man, but of their coming

and going we are equally unconscious ; they are both recipients, media, and conductors of imponderable forces, such as electricity. So when we have proved, as we have already done, the existence of the soul as a distinct thing from the frame of man, neither part nor product of it, and add to these things its similarity to *atoms*, which are confessed to be indestructible, it becomes improbable, in a high degree, that the soul shall be involved in the destruction of the body.

Then, secondly, the soul of man, unlike the mind of brutes, is capable of education without limit, and that not only by personal experiences, but by communion in the experience of intelligent beings, equal with or above itself. The things which in this universe perish are things which have passed through maturity into decay. But the soul never thus becomes old through ripeness. If some seem to grow old and worn out, it is because they have never ripened but only rotted where they grew. Where the soul has ripened, it goes on with boundless possibilities, growing amidst the decaying organs that serve it, more beautiful and majestic, till it departs from our view, differing, in this point, from every other earthly entity.

These things satisfy us as proofs of the immateriality of the soul. But we are not going to make this point one of the distinctive doctrines of revealed religion. It is not so. In the three dispensations known to us—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian—the distinctive doctrine has always been the resurrection of the body and the glorious life thenceforward. Not only was this clearly taught, but the clearest possible proof, and pledge, and illustration of it was given in the earliest infancy of the human race by the translation of Enoch ; and the same glory was conferred upon the doctrine by the translation of Elijah under the law, and the resurrection and ascension bodily of Jesus, our Lord, in the opening of His Christian dispensation. So, then, we shall take good heed not to set up as a Christian rallying point this doctrine, respectable in its own place, but a heathen substitute for the truth after all.

The more purely theological questions touching law, guilt, and redemption, may be studied with more pleasure and advantage in connection with the doctrine of the Saviour. To these questions we may return on another occasion. Enough for the present.

## V.

## STUDIOUS WOMEN.\*

THIS little work of the eminent French bishop is especially worthy of him and his high position. Written especially for French society, we are glad to see this translation, because we hope it may be useful in our own. We perhaps flatter ourselves that with us woman is in a higher social position than in France, and especially that her claims and rights as an intelligent being are more unhesitatingly acknowledged; and still, with us, while, on the one hand, we have multitudes of women whose whole life is frivolity and vanity upon system, we have, on the other, multitudes of men who, if they would not argue—but it is well that it should be so—would yet deny to her any claim to rank in the higher order of intellectual beings, and would certainly affirm that she suffers by the attempt. Monseigneur Dupanloup has been excited to write this little book apparently by some follies talked and written by M. de Maistre. To talk and write folly was quite the mission of that brilliant and bigoted egotist. He said, limiting the scholarship and attainments of women, “It is allowable in a woman to know that ‘Pekin is not in Europe, and that Alexander the Great did not ask for the hand of a niece of Louis XIV. As soon,’” continued this great writer, “as she is determined to rival man she becomes a monkey; women have never produced a master-piece of any kind.” He allows them to love and admire the beautiful, but when they seek to express the beautiful themselves they become fools. When his daughters signified to him, one of them her love of literature and taste for literary pursuits, and another her love or taste for painting in oils, M. de Maistre was horrified. “A young girl,” said he, “is mad if she attempts to paint in oils; she ought not to go beyond simple drawing. Her business,” he goes on to say, “is to make her husband happy, and to make men of her sons—brave lads who believe in God, and do not fear cannon.” This last is

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\* *Studios Women. From the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Translated by R. M. Phillimore. Virtue and Co.*



rather a grand ideal of womanhood, and assuredly it may be believed that men have not been very eminent in giving to their sons either the faith or the fearlessness. There must be something in woman of a very Divine order if she prove herself able to confer such an endowment of character. "The masterpiece of women, however," says this writer of exaggerations, "in point of knowledge, is to understand the works of men." In fact, our French neighbours have been from of old somewhat famous for satirising the powers and attainments of women. Moliere's *Learned Ladies* was a comedy intended to keep the theatre in a roar for this purpose, and Crisalus does not sink much lower than the level of M. de Maistre, when he says to his sister, "Your eternal folios don't please me; and except a great Plutarch which I put my hands in, you ought to burn all this useless lumber. To do right, you should remove out of the garret that long telescope, enough to frighten people, and a hundred knick-knacks, the sight of which are offensive; not to look after what is done in the moon, but to mind a little what is done at home, where we see everything go topsy-turvy. Our forefathers were very wise people on this point. Their wives did not read, their families were all their learned discourse; their books, a thimble, thread, and needles. But the women of this age understand everything but what they ought to understand; they know the motions of the moon, the pole-star, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, whom I have no business with, and they don't know how my pot goes on, which I have occasion for. My servants, too, aspire after learning, to please you; reasoning is the business of all my house, and reasoning banishes all reason out of it; one burns my roast meat, while she is reading some history, the other raves in verse when I call for drink—in short, I perceive your example followed by them, and I have servants, yet am not served." And Martina the cookmaid rose to the sublime sense of Moliere, Crisalus, and De Maistre, when she exclaimed, "Scholars are good for nothing but to preach in a pulpit; and I have said it a thousand times, that I would never have a man of learning for my husband—learning is not at all wanted in a family; books agree ill with matrimony; and if ever I plight my troth, I'll have a husband that has no other book but me, who, no offence to my mistress, knows neither A nor B, and, in one word, is a doctor only for his wife!" Changing the sex, such would be M. de Maistre's ideal woman. Poor M. de Maistre, it was very happy for him that he was unable to restrict the education of his daughters within his own theory! Their father recommended, as the ideal of woman's life, to practice pleasant gossip, as an art in which they might excel, but they

learned to read Latin, like excellent classical scholars ; they read and translated for their father the English and German philosophers, they knew Greek enough to copy his manuscripts and to correct his proof sheets, and in fact seem for his comfort to have been that character, to speak it respectfully, which he looked upon with so much horror—a pair of blue-stockings. These rash sayings of M. de Maistre have furnished to the bishop the texts from which he has spoken his wise sermon on *Studious Women*. He does not rush into the opposite extreme of the writer he quotes ; we have no overstrained and highly-pitched laudation of woman and her powers. It is such a volume as a highly intelligent, thoughtful Christian man might write, calling women away from the meretricious frivolities of merely fashionable life to a regard for nobler and more satisfying purposes and aims ; and from the position the writer occupies, and his influence on French society, we may hope it is a sermon which will not be preached in vain. In our own country many of its words are as necessary as in France, as when, for instance, the bishop says, “The world gives up to girls the province of music, on condition that their souls shall not be raised by it, and that they will make it a means of wasting their time ; in a word, the arts are to be reduced to ornamental accomplishments.” The eminent preacher, Père Gratry, is still more severe than Mgr. Dupanloup. “Music,” says he, “has been transformed into a brilliant noise, which does not even soothe the nerves.” The world, says our writer, cannot be metamorphosed, but could it not be improved by giving it some other moving power besides frivolous or intoxicating pleasure ? Is there nothing for women between frivolous and dangerous pleasures, such as balls and plays, and the unbearable weariness of those assemblies of empty talk during the long hours of an evening party ? It is true that mothers in England, as in France, dread to see in their girls powers of mind beyond the usual run, and they try to repress them. What will they do with them ? they say, how find a vent for them in the midst of that contracted, paltry, real life which is woman’s lot at the end of the first years of her youth ? In fact this is not saying much for mankind ; it is implying that the great probability is, a woman will find in her husband one with whom, when life, after the first days, settles down into seriousness, she has very little communion, whose ways are in no elevated sense her ways, and whose thoughts are unable to touch the elevation of her thoughts. But the soul, says the writer, even the soul of woman, is a thought of God, and if you do not give an upward direction to this flame, it will prey on earthly garbage. Women often seem to have married to run

about to amuse themselves, and find perpetual movement, the town and country, the bathing and watering-places, the turf, balls, concerts, visits, do not leave them a moment of rest, either day or night, and the husband is compelled to share in the excitement, or to find refuge in his club. But woman owes it to herself to participate in man's intellectual life, and it seems that the cultivation of her powers, her emancipation from the tradition that the salvation of her modesty and innocence is in her ignorance, would give a nobler growth and development to both lives, as they grow side by side. The noblest happiness, even the purest in wedded life, is not that which arises from the fellowship of interests, which does not stop even at the communion of those outer affections which probably first attracted the lives to each other, but which is carried on to the province of thought. The intellectual attainments of a woman have often enabled her to do great things for her husband, and he must be a sorry type of man who would not rather have for his companion through life even a blue-stocking than a coquette. What is it to be studious? What do we mean by intellectual? Perhaps there is some confusion of ideas in the minds of many who use these terms. The studiousness of woman differs from that of man; the intellect of woman bears a different character. It is not necessary, therefore, to speak of her inferiority and incapability; all man's intellectual pursuits rush into action, his studies insist on taking shape. Woman can be studious, gifted, and intelligent, and live very simply, and pursue a round of duties which only faintly shadow her introspective character. Mgr. Dupanloup quotes some woman herself as writing, "Woman is a weak, timid, idle being, who has violent passions with small ideas, a bundle of caprice and inconsecutiveness, knowing how to display, every day of her life, lovable imperfections, a precious combination of hopefulness and cruelty." It is a remarkable thing, from whatever cause, that men never forget the majesty and value of their own sex, and it is as rare for women to remember the value and beauty of theirs. What a theory then that is of woman and her place in the circle of life, which this lady whom Mgr. Dupanloup quotes, avows, when she says, "Women are not made to share man's labours, but to be their amusement when they are over." Now, the excellent Bishop, we believe, rightly reduces all this to the Pagan view of women, that women are only charming creatures, passive, subordinate, and only made for the pleasure and amusement of man. The idea grows out of that sense, that consciousness of superior strength, which is undoubtedly man's prerogative, and her inferiority in which has assigned woman to her life of usual dependence and suffering; for even a Judith or a Joan of Arc



do not prove that women are fitted to wield the sword and lead armies, any more than Isabellas or Elizabeths prove her to be best fitted to lead nations and guide the affairs of state. If it is a question of material life, the life of muscle and animal strength, or if it is a question of intellectual life, the shock of hard heads, the conflict of tough lawyer-like brains, we fancy, in both instances, woman would have to give way to man. To attempt to prove her eminence or fitness in such tasks as these would be something like proving the fitness of an angel to undertake the work of a navvy, or a sapper and miner; for if the question be one of spiritual life, of conscience, of an ordinary, patient persistence in duties because they are duties, in the power to realise the immediate presence of religious help and heavenly things, as well as that lower faculty which swiftly and immediately perceives the necessary and the true, without long study about it, or the piecing of things together by slow concatenation,—in all this woman seems to be usually, we do not say invariably, the superior of man. She is like the mystics, the Behmens, and the Campanellas, those people who have seen the unutterable sights, and heard the unutterable voices from the very height and spirituality of their vision; they have been unable to give the same eloquent body and rhetorical fulness to their sensations, which have been easy work to minds who only saw the things of the understanding, and as the practical mind treats all such visionary voices with contempt. From some such cause it is, we believe, that women have been regarded as essentially inferior to men. The gain of society, therefore, will be, not in depreciating woman, in treating her as a puppet and plaything, as an inferior tool through whom children are born, and houses kept swept and garnished, a being to be kept carefully away from the serious thoughts and high aims of life, for a few moments a petted idol, and then for long years a neglected and despised servant, but as, in truth, the conscience of man and society, the household minister, the national monitor, through whom the ideas of society may be kept high and pure. Our author illustrates it from the different impressions produced by vast ecclesiastical structures—some imposing and splendid cathedral, whose grand proportions and harmonious whole unite grace with majesty, and give to the distant view a sublime and glorious effect; although the details are far from faultless, although some parts may have been touched by the storm, leaving its *effect* a noble, beautiful, and inspiring harmony, while, on the other hand, some great buildings miss all this; there are charming details, beautiful portions and pieces, which may be admired one by one, but, standing at a distance, they all disappear, the building loses its *effect*, it is shorn of all its great

features. Such is the difference of those two views which regard women either as a mighty spiritual influence in the Divine plan of human life, or as a pretty doll, a musical doll to be dressed and decorated, to tease and to be teased, the resource of man in his vain moments, herself the very creature of frivolity and vanity.

It must be admitted that, in our present state of society, we see enough to convert many indignant and thoughtless minds to the last view. There are aspects of society, in relation to women, dreadful and pitiable; upon these we need not enter, further than to say, elaborately prove to her that she is nothing better than a tinted foam-bell, and through a million adroit manœuvres she will exercise her ingenuity to make the foam-bell as captivating and pretty as possible ere she dashes and dies on the rock; or, to change the image, if she is not taught to elevate her mind and heart to the perception of her place in the great Divine plan of life, the Boulevards of Paris, and the stories of May Fair, and the Esplanade of Brighton will show, like the mermaid or siren of Goethe's poem, she can warble so seductive a strain that inevitably she draws the listener into those waves which have been her own destruction. Mgr. Dupanloup probably describes a large circle of English society as well as French, when he says:—

A woman of the world, whose position obliges her to see a great deal of it, but who understands her duties and fulfils them well, wrote to me as follows: "In general, women know nothing, *absolutely nothing*. They can only talk about dress, fashions, steeple-chases, the absurdities of each other. A woman knows all the famous actors and horses, she knows by heart the performers at the opera and the *Variétés*; the stud-book is more familiar to her than Thomas-à-Kempis's '*Imitation*;' last year she betted for *La Touque*, this year for *Vermuth*, and she is sure that *Bois Roussel* is full of promise; she is enthusiastic about the *Derby*, and the triumph of *Fille de l'Air* she considers as a national victory. She knows the name of the most celebrated milliners, the fashionable saddler, and the shop which has the greatest vogue. She will weigh the respective merits of the stables of the Comte de la Grange, the Duc de Morny, or of Monsieur Delamarre. But, alas! if you turn the conversation to a subject of history or geography, or if you talk about the Middle Ages, the crusades, the institutions of Charlemagne or St. Louis; if you compare Bossuet to Corneille, or Racine to Fénelon; if you pronounce the names of Camoens, or of Dante, of Royer-Collard, or of Frederick Ozanam, or Montalembert, or of Père Gratry, the poor woman will be struck dumb. She can only entertain young women and frivolous young men. Equally incapable of talking on business, art, politics, agriculture, or the sciences, she can neither converse with her father-in-law, her clergyman, or with any man of a serious mind."

To serve society, and to save it from this which must be its

chief calamity, is the purpose of this little book. Perhaps its author's illustrations of the eminence of women are derived almost too exclusively from the Church—and the Church of Rome,—from St. Theresa, probably the greatest prose writer of Spain, St. Hildegarde and St. Elizabeth, St. Catherine of Sienna, and the still more eminent St. Catherine of Bologna, Elena Cornaro, who in the sixteenth century was admitted as Dr. in the University of Milan, and the Mère de Chauzy, and the inferior names of Madam de Sèigné and Madam Lafayette. But to enumerate names is indeed idle work, and it cannot be too constantly remembered that man's tasks are conspicuous, woman's, for the most part, however excellent or eminent she may be, must be comparatively obscure. "It must be so, but "God leaves nothing unrewarded—every sacrifice has its compensations, every wound has its Gilead balm." And whether we shall meet the idea of most women we know not; but we cannot but feel persuaded that they reach their highest influence, when for father, or husband, or society, they rise to the sweet power attributed to one of his heroines by our great poet,—

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
 Into his study of imagination;  
 And every lovely organ of her life  
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
 More moving-delicate, and full of life  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

## VI.

### MEASURE WITHOUT MEASURE.

OUR newspapers are entertaining us with tolerable regularity from week to week by instances of the very peculiar sense entertained by English justices of justice, giving some instances of more or less flagrancy, but we have long wondered that earnest attention has not been called, by many of those papers which would wish to be regarded as prophets and pioneers of righteousness, to the immense disproportion between offences or crimes and the punishment inflicted, or penalties exacted by what is called "*the Law*" in its present administration. It really seems as if the law was less a terror to evil doers than to the poor, the helpless, the destitute, and ignorant; the rights of property guarded to the most miserable and paltry stick, the rights of the person and the claims of human life almost disregarded. It has long been known that village justices, espe-



cially clerical justices, are not simply among the most severe, but that their sentences have an inhumanity about them which often awakens, in connection with the vision of such administrators in the church, in surplice and bands, a feeling of the most intolerable loathing and disgust. Our feelings, never allowed to slumber long in this matter, have been quickened by several recent decisions : let us take a few from the country papers, and then let our readers determine if country magistrates ought not themselves to be made amenable to some jury of real justice. One of these recent decisions at Petworth, in Sussex, has enlightened our mind as to the value of a *turnip*. On the 1st of February, in the Town Hall, John Roe was brought up before the magistrates charged with stealing turnips to the value of twopence ; he had taken five turnips away from a field in which he was at work, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six weeks. What do our readers think of the proportion in this case between the crime and the punishment—something more than a week of imprisonment and hard labour for each turnip ? What, we wonder, were the wages of John Roe ? We shall perhaps estimate them too liberally if we put them at ten shillings a week. Six weeks, three pounds, and the fearful toil of the treadmill thrown into the scales against twopence ; such is the value of a turnip. A stick, a poor little bit of stick, is of equal value. The newspapers within the last few days have told us of two poor old men who were brought up before the magistrates for stealing wood of the value of twopence, to light their fire ; one escaped the deserts due for so grave an iniquity, and had only to pay twopence for the wood, five shillings fine, and thirteen shillings costs. This merciful decision, the newspapers inform us, was owing to the fact of there being one layman out of two justices on the bench ; but the other poor old fellow, a kind of brother born for a more grievous adversity, had the bad hap to be brought before a couple of clerical magistrates, and although he had reached his threescore years and ten, his poor shivering old frame, and fireless grate, could not save him from the sentence of a fortnight's imprisonment and hard labour. When the age of the poor old thing is taken into account, there can be little doubt that the merciful feelings of the clerical magistrates operated upon their minds to shorten the sentence, so that in fact the two pennysworth of sticks were about the same value as the two pennysworth of turnips. This week we read of two little children, aged eleven, stealing a bag containing cartridges from a boat. The poor little fellows put in the plea before the magistrates, that they thought the bag contained bread ; they were sentenced to seven days' hard labour, and to receive eighty-two strokes with the birch-rod. Could a bench of magistrates

have been guilty of such a crime as to sentence each of these children to receive eighty-two strokes? we are left in the dark by the newspaper report, and can only suppose that this enormous wickedness was a piece of justices justice. This week also we read of a poor man attempting to relieve the hunger of his children by selling three pennyworth of greens in a market, without a license, who was taken into custody because, twopence having been demanded for the license, he offered three half-pence. He had sold a penny's worth, he had a half-penny in his pocket, and this was all he had to offer; he was taken before the magistrates, and we suppose is now undergoing his righteously earned punishment of three weeks' imprisonment and hard labour. Sometimes, on the other hand, criminals who deserve some summary justice find themselves in the presence of an eminently merciful judge, like Mr. Joseph Payne, for instance, whose nonsensical effusions at ragged school gatherings, are only equalled by his altogether eccentric interpretations of the claims of justice on the bench. We read in a contemporary newspaper:—

For example, last Thursday a young man was taken before Mr. Payne at the Middlesex Sessions—having been committed for trial by the police magistrate, because his conduct had been so outrageous that sufficient punishment could not be inflicted by a summary conviction—charged with grossly insulting and brutally assaulting a young girl. The case was fully proved, and the jury found him guilty. A consultation then took place between counsel for defence and prosecution, and (I quote the report) “it was announced that the matter had been settled by the payment by the mother of the prisoner of two sovereigns to the prosecutrix, as a compensation for the insult that had been offered to her. After some reluctance on the part of the father and mother of the prisoner, the two sovereigns were produced, and given to the officer of the court, who tendered them to the father of the prosecutrix. With the utmost contempt he declined to receive the money. It was then handed towards the prosecutrix, but she also repudiated it. At length, however, she was prevailed upon to take it, and in this way the case ended.” Ought it so to have ended? The outrage was one of a villanous and abominable character, and yet this Judge Payne—who recently committed a woman to a term of hard labour for taking a few shillings from the man with whom she cohabited in order to obtain food—permitted the crime to be condoned at a cost of forty shillings, without even involving the perpetrator in the degradation of a penalty.

A careful eye, able and willing to watch the police reports published from week to week in different parts of the country would soon accumulate such a catalogue as could only create sentiments of indignation and sometimes of horror in every heart not lost to every sense of right feeling and justice. Amidst the many things we attempt to do, and the very few we do to any purpose, perhaps it might be well also to institute some

censorship upon the sentences pronounced in many courts; their gross and startling inequality must have long been palpable to any readers who have watched with any carefulness; in fact the disproportion is enormous between the punishment of great and small transgressions. Some time since, a man was before one of our London magistrates for brutally ill-treating his wife, and was bound over to keep the peace towards her for six months,—such was the gentle estimate formed by the magistrates of his sin; the same morning several girls received the sentence of eighteen days' imprisonment for ringing door-bells and running away. Amazing and fearfully capricious are the turns of English law! Not long since, a poor beggar-woman, travelling with a little starving child, crying for bread, from one town to another, pulled up three turnips to alleviate its hunger, perhaps her own; two of the turnips were bad, but she received for that piece of work a fortnight's imprisonment and hard labour: the price of that turnip was higher than that paid by John Roe. Let anyone take down a few files of newspapers of the past few years, and they will tell a story in the matter we have indicated, presenting a fearful impeachment of our national justice, not to say benevolence or civilisation of feeling. What will especially strike such a reader is the fact that it is apparently on the very wretched and poor the law wreaks its vengeance. It might be well if, in addition to the prayers of the Church which these clerical magistrates know well by heart, some memory were held of the well-known words:—

O, it is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant.  
 When every pelting, petty officer  
 Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder,  
 Merciful heavens;  
 Thou rather, with thy sharp sulphurous bolt,  
 Splitt'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak  
 Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,  
 Dressed in a little brief authority  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
 As make the angels weep.

A censorship and a remedy is needed, for very many of these "unwedgable and gnarled" sins escape their proper penalties, and ignorance and misery lie open to the full crash of the "thunder-bolt." Our remarks must not be understood as a pleading for any mere sentimental dealing with crime and law-breaking, but for many of those whose punishment was so heavy, the mere sight of a magistrate would be sufficient, while for some others, who slip through the fingers of justice, its very weightiest hand would be needed.



## The Congregational Topic.

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### VII.

#### A WEAK POINT IN CONGREGATIONALISM.—A CONVERSATION.

[It is not without considerable misgivings that we insert the following paper from an esteemed correspondent, whose lucubrations occasionally add much to our pages; but the importance of the subject to which he calls attention has induced us to insert, at some risk of giving offence, his paper.]

*The Rev. Elias Oldways.* (*An ancient Congregational brother, in a remote country district, who has had many ecclesiastical griefs in his lifetime, but has recently been especially troubled in his church by a peculiar calamity called an election of deacons.*) The last time we met, you may recollect that we had some conversation referring to a most astonishing sentiment of yours, that no model form of Church government, and no Divine directions concerning it, were to be found in the New Testament; I was very sorry to think I perceived a considerable shakiness in your ecclesiastical principles. I was very sorry to think that that accidental interview with the Bishop of Sleepy-Hollow, and his promise of, and, indeed, invitation to, episcopal ordination, had certainly turned your young head, and produced a very unsettled effect upon your ecclesiastical con-

science. You know I am a stout old Nonconformist, and not very likely to reconsider or swerve from the old paths in which I have been treading for the last seventy years. I should almost as soon think of reconsidering my Christianity as my Congregationalism. But I should yet much like to resume the subject, and to ask you what are those items of our Church polity which have especially disturbed you. You are a very young brother, and I may fairly and reasonably hope that you will be a blessing to the old tabernacle on earth, long after I have done with it.

*The Rev. Erasmus Newlight, LL.B., &c.* (*A much younger brother than Mr. Oldways, minister of an old tabernacle in the neighbourhood, some years from college, much infected with new ways of looking at things, especially with reference to Church government.*) Nay, nay, Father Oldways, I

really called upon you this morning for the purpose of offering some respectful and affectionate sympathy. I am not unaware of the troubles you have passed through lately, for if you have attempted to keep them hushed, some of your people have not; and in fact if I have had my *hypothetical* difficulties, it has been because I have attempted to work out in theory the results of some probable troubles, which you, I fancy, have found not hypothetical but *actual*, and have had to meet in real life. Dear old Father Oldways, I am sure you know I love you, and you will not be offended; you know what I mean when I say your recent church troubles have brought you face to face with what I have for years felt to be the weak point of our Congregational system, and for which, if we do not find some cure, we shall assuredly lose as ministers all our self-respect, and, as a denomination, founder on the rocks.

*Oldways.* You mean deacons, and our peculiar constitution and Church government with reference to the deacons' office?

*Newlight.* Yes—with a very clear sense of the difficulty of the whole matter—I mean deacons.

*Oldways.* But I fear, Brother Newlight, your views of Church government are increasingly loose and unscriptural; they seem to me to partake very much of that semi-rationalism, that neologic and

new-light sentiment I have frequently deplored in our conversations together, as I have traced your sympathy with such forms of thought. It is very true, I have had a sore trial in the matter of deacons lately, never had a sorer trial. Just before the visitation came upon me, I had been spending some days with a dear Welsh brother, who had honoured me by inviting me to open his new chapel, in Cymraegdimsassenachshire. My good brother wanted me to stay a little while longer, and take another service for him; but I said "No, brother, it's impossible, for I have an election of deacons coming off next week." He took my hand with a painful, affectionate earnestness,—“The Lord carry you safely through it, brother,” he said. “Well do I know that election!” Old as I am, I thought his sympathy was rather extreme; but I assure you that the prayer and the sympathy were not at all beyond what the experience of the last few months has required.

*Newlight.* And do you think, Father, that it can be a very desirable thing for gentlemen, the very value of whose services depends upon their perfect independence, who are men of education and sensibility, to have to submit to such periodical sporadic attacks of deacon-fever? I might speak paradoxically, and call them sporadic epidemics. Is a minister's heart

blessed by it? or are the churches edified by such periodical visitations?

*Oldways.* Brother, brother, "Thou speakest even as one of the foolish women;" as Job would have said, "we have received good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" The perfect independence of our worship, and freedom to serve God, without the touch of State control, is a very precious blessing. We must pay something for our blessings; ministers must take up the institution of deacons also as a cross, if they possess their civil and religious liberty as a crown. As Christ said, "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me;" and the constitution of the Church of the New Testament gives to us the perfect model of independency, and the true, functions for the administration of Church affairs. What can we do but submit? You see it is a Divine ordinance of the New Testament; the model of the Church is ordained by God. "See that thou make all things after the pattern I have shewed thee in the mount," was the injunction for the Tabernacle in the Old Testament; and our Congregational Independency shows just as Divine a model for itself in the New.

*Newlight.* I don't believe a word of it, Father Oldways. There is only one item of our Church government upon which

I think we have the clear appointment of the New Testament, entire independence of State control; and, surely, we need not cast off our religious freedom because we revise our principles of internal government? Besides, in innumerable instances, I believe office in our churches is rather a designation of political partisanship than any sign or mark of Christian grace. Why, you yourself, until lately, had a deacon with whom, I'll be bound, you could not have five minutes' religious conversation, but who was the most wild and noisy party politician in the county. We are inconsistent ourselves, with our own principles. I want to see a large freedom possessed by all Christian people; but certainly I am not disposed to concede that the only servile people amongst us should be our ministers; freedom for all beside, bondage for them. Independency, to be true independency, needs checks, aids, and supports, by which interests may be balanced, and the strong be prevented from overriding the weaker brother. As to taking up the cross, I don't quite see that ministers are in that to be the people's vicars. Minister and people must all do their own cross-bearing; as a minister of Christ, I have my own difficulties and dilemmas. Paul said, "The Lord sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel;" so I say, the Lord sent me not



troubled with managing churches, and bearing with the difficulties of deacons, but to preach the Gospel. No, I do not think that there is any danger of my seeking ordination at the hands of the Lord Bishop of Sleepy-Hollow; but this work of the Congregational minister is the most weary work. We are paid to preach—alas! upon whom has our word any effect?—but I have perceived that Congregationalism practically is a great lay association. No other denomination has ever been so unjust to, and unmindful of, its ministers; the rich man pats his rich brother-deacon on the back, and talks of civil and religious liberty,—the poor minister, broken-hearted, starves and dies! Congregationalism is the most heartless religious system of this country, after the Establishment; it has no bowels for its own ministers; it acknowledges no obligations, and has no relationships. Every church must take care of itself. If a minister can raise £1,000 a year by his pew-rents, well, and if in some little country neighbourhood he can raise £30 or £30 per year, it is still well.

*Oldways.* Ah, I see all your ideas would soon land you in Presbyterianism.

*Newlight.* Well, if so, certainly not Presbyterianism of the Swiss or the Scotch type. I fancy that I should be as earnestly disposed as you even could be to

contend for the independence of the churches; but my feeling is that we are wearing our independency threadbare. Conferences, synods, and presbyteries are tyrannical affairs. Convocations would be tyrannical if they could. Unions are useless; but I can conceive, and I am certain, that we do need some regulative constitutional machinery, some system of umpirage formed within, and growing out of, our own independent constitution, and which should be strictly conservative of it. Independency runs to a perfect licentiousness in some of its manifestations. You talk of the freedom of the churches, and the perfect spiritual independence of all its members; it is a very pretty theory, but practically it does not work so. What a system that is which, if you were a simple church member, would give exactly the same weight and vote to youths and girls—it may be from sixteen to twenty years of age, ignorant, undisciplined, and inexperienced,—as to you! And what a tem that is which exists by humbling and reducing to subjection the man it professes to regard as set over it in the Lord to admonish it! You see, Father Oldways, I know something of the root of your troubles. The casting-votes which determined the fate of that resolution and election, which gave you so much trouble, were given by youths and girls, whom you were desirous of finding early

introduced into the church. You recollect our conversations, in which I doubted your wisdom in seeking to draw in your young convertites, and now you see the results have fallen in your own path; you brought them in, and gave them their place and voice by vote in your church, without any counter-check, and they have stung your comfort to the quick in your old age. Yours is not the only instance; even my limited knowledge gives me numbers. I feel as if, with these instances before me, I dare not trust my future life with Congregationalism,—its peculiar constitution isolates the minister. You remember, for it was reported to me that you suggested the importance of finding in your deacons and fellow-officers friends who would sympathise and work with you, and the chief laughed at such an idea, and said you must settle that matter with the church; in a word, our mode of election of deacons is a dreadful possibility which, whenever it emerges, may wreck the peace and prosperity of a church, and, however wise in some instances, is as likely to be a mere blunder.

*Oldways.* Well, looking away for a moment from the theory of the deacon's office, you hit me very hard with these personal references, and however my case seems to come in point, it must be admitted that in general a church must know who are its

best men, and therefore whom it ought to select.

*Newlight.* I don't believe a word of it, and the proof is that I suppose you scarcely know an instance of a minister, however eminent or influential, who approaches the election of deacons without a shudder of misgiving, or who would willingly leave the issue to its own free operation. Of a church of hundreds of persons, how many know much about the qualifications of the best men? Numbers never attend a purely spiritual church-meeting, and are never seen at a prayer-meeting, and their choice alights on the aristocratic element, the wealthy respectables who come in their carriage to their pews on the Sabbath. Brother Bletherby, you know, over in the village of Hole-come-corner, was telling me he has just had an election. His prayer-meeting is attended every week, out of a church of two hundred and fifty, and a congregation of six hundred, by about fifty members, and of these several earnest and respectable men, who, however, in the election, found themselves all passed by, while the choice fell upon some who had never been known to attend a prayer-meeting for years, and others who were seen but very rarely at any week-day service, and who were not able to present any compensating qualification, except that of canvassing among the members to represent their own fitness. Most ministers

have suffered in the same way. Turn to the life of Christmas Evans, and find him in his lone, solitary walk among the mountains, wrestling with God in prayer:—

May it please the Son of Glory and Head of the Church to preserve the ark of Thy cause, which is Thy own, in Anglesea and at Caerphilly, from falling into the hands of the Philistines; reject it not, but speedily deliver it, and cause Thy face to shine upon it; and by Thy Spirit and Word and Providence bring about in those neighbourhoods and churches, such changes in the officers (of the churches), and such measures as will go to remedy the sources of evil to the great cause which Thou diedst to establish in our world; and by dispersing those who delight in war; and by closing the mouths of those that subvert. Amen. C. E.

*Oldways.* Brother, your words fill me with a great deal of grief. I have indeed sometimes feared that I have seen proofs how even so slight a thing as a deacon's office could give rise to a great deal of ambition; but for that matter, you know it is incident to all our human institutions, the minister's office is certainly not less the object or vehicle of ambition than the deacon's; but you know a modern bishop is very unlike those the Apostles were acquainted with; we must deal with the matter in a just and impartial spirit. You know there are many instances of despotic and tyrannous ministers who have been the ruin of churches. Deacons are in-

clined to regard ministers as arbitrary and ambitious, and ministers pay back the same compliment to deacons. I am not ignorant of one *Diotrephes*; and *Diotrephes* and *Gaius* both stand a fair chance of becoming deacons. Of course you whose modern tastes and reading make you more acquainted than I am, or desire to be, with myths and eponyms, are not unaware of that view of these two ancient persons of the apostolic epistles, which makes them representative designations of the Early Church; it is hardly likely then, that any convert would retain such a name as *Diotrephes* (that is, nourished by Jupiter). Where the old passion for power, the lust of the world, lurked, there was the old Pagan spirit, the Jupiter-fed nature, so that it is said when the letter was received and the Church read, "*Diotrephes* loveth to have the pre-eminence," they all said, "*Diotrephes*! we know of no such person;" and they wrote to John, saying, "*Diotrephes*, where is he?" Then went that saying abroad, *Diotrephes*! where is he? Where is he whom the gods nourish, and not Christ? Thus, by much questioning, they learnt to say when one came among them in rings, and silk, and gay apparel, *Diotrephes*! where is he? And when one spoke loud and hectoring over the others; or when he elbowed the others away, and treated them rudely; or when one aimed at power and dominion over the faith of others rather than to joy in the

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faith of others; and when one seemed to be nourished rather by prosperity than by prayer, they would say quietly to him, *Diotrophes!* where is he? and the word of John has continued as a shadow on the wall to this day.

*Newlight.* And therefore I think we should not only inquire a little closely into the nature, and design, and relations of the office, but attempt to bring both offices beneath such a church order as should prevent them from dominating over each other. I don't think we have settled very distinctly in our churches yet what the deacon's office really comprehends? Is it secular, or is it spiritual? and how far have we the authority of Scripture to help us in arriving at an understanding?

*Oldways.* Well, my dear young brother, I need not tell you, you know, that the Greek word *Dia-konos*—

*Newlight.* Oh, yes, I know *Diakonos*; and, by-the-by, in the course of *your* reading, did you ever fall in with the following verses in any old book? I must repeat them to you, for you have quite brought them to my mind: They were called "*Old and New Deacons*," and form a kind of pun upon your *DIAKONOS*.

It is said that of old when a prince in  
his state,  
Went forth in his chariot or palanquin  
great,  
The courier who hastened so nimble  
and fleet,  
Aroused such a dust, as he passed down  
the street,

That far from regarding his actions a  
pious,  
The folk of the time called him *Dia-  
conias*.

At the call of the church, and the word  
of the master,  
When there was but One Priest; his  
best servant a *Pastor*;  
And remembering that none from his  
character swerveth,  
"And he that is greatest must be one  
that serveth;"  
As midst the sad poor, in the dark city  
street,  
The church servant shrunk not to  
sully his feet,  
The people gazed gladly on actions so  
pious,  
And christened the church servant  
*Diaconias*.

But when the old office was left in the  
lurch,  
And the *Deacon* arose as the lord of the  
church,  
When no longer like servants who bore  
with reproaches,  
The *Deacons* came rolling along in their  
coaches;  
And oblivious of couriers who ran be-  
fore horses,  
The *Deacon* became "the paymaster of  
forces,"  
The people still thought that the title  
was just,  
And a *Deacon* was one who could down  
with the dust.

But time has restored the old word to  
its meaning,  
As will seem the result of most classical  
gleaning;  
When in panting for office he breaks  
the church quiet,  
And makes the church-meeting a  
region of riot;  
Though no longer a servant so godly  
and pious,  
He is still the old servitor *Diaconias*;  
What title more truthful and fitting  
and just,  
He races along, and he kicks up a dust.

*Oldways.* You might tell the  
author, if you see him, to take  
heed to his Greek, if he have  
any. Oh, my young brother, I  
have often noticed, with grief,

this thing in you; I do not like such verses, they are very irreverent, and are sadly out of keeping with the sacred gravity of the matters which are occupying our attention. The deacon's office deserved a more respectful treatment. It has in its records, the story of the Preaching of Philip, and the Martyrdom of Stephen. The first martyr was a deacon, and the office can show an illustrious line of martyrs and servants of the Church since those times. As to "the classical gleanings" of the writer of your *jeu d'esprit*, I do not think much of them. I might make out *Diakonos* to be derived from *Konnos*, a beard, and show that men were elected to the office from their great age and gravity; or from *Diakenos*, and show that only thin people, or vain and empty people, were elected to the office, because they were poor, and lean, and ignorant; or from *Dia Konizo*—to carry over a difficult place. I do not like your verses at all.

*Newlight.* Well, well, Father, don't be too angry about them, they came in my way in that old book, and somehow they got into my memory, and when you began to talk of that vexed word *Diakonos*, I could not help giving you the benefit of my memory; but methought I saw your face relaxing into a grim kind of smile while I was reciting the irreverent little morsel.

*Oldways.* It is quite possible

even for men, not wanting in good sense, to deal with the subject in a vein far from reverent. Would you believe it, at one of those agitated church-meetings, to which you have referred, one of my people, very well known to you, put into my hand some verses, in which he had grossly travestied our sweet little child's hymn, "I want to be an angel," and proposed that we should sing it as our opening doxology. I won't imitate you by giving the whole piece, but I remember the first verse ran—

I want to be a *Deacon*,  
And with the *Deacons* stand,  
I'll hold all things I reckon,  
Within my good strong hand.

*Newlight.* Well, I don't think your verses seem to show much more reverence than mine. Congregationalism has not settled and limited the functions of deacons. Is church action complete without a pastor. For instance, before my relation to my present church, I had a deacon who did not hesitate to divide a church upon the question of the expulsion of some members for non-attendance. He was in the chair, and the votes, aye and no, balanced. He gave the casting vote, and expelled them; and there was no appeal from this! Is this a correct rendering and interpretation of Congregationalism, or is this the power of the deacon? But the serious thing is, that while in large, old, strong, and thoroughly established churches the deacon's office is often filled by men admir-

ably chosen for position, high character, piety, and helpfulness; in a thousand lesser churches, where the numbers are not so few but that they can all touch and influence one another; the most struggling, eel-like, or ambitious spirit can wriggle and twist himself about, until he becomes a person of so much importance that the church elects him, to keep him, and to keep him quiet, while the minister has in secret to feel and groan over, possibly for years, a long course of protracted tyranny, until, broken-hearted, he hurries away, or, perhaps, as in many instances, disappointed and worn out, hurries into the grave! Now, by education and by principle I am a thorough Congregationalist, that is, I have no doubt that every church has the right to manage its own affairs, to disburse its own funds, to call its own minister (although churches often seem far enough from wise in many of these matters); but churches need protection themselves, and ministers need protection, and the peculiarity of our Church system is the isolation of every individual church until, I confess, it seems to me that we are the most disorderly denomination, with any measure of respect attaching to it, in Christendom. Perfect freedom ought not to interfere with subserviency to certain wise restrictions. We boast of our freedom as English citizens, but we are not left at liberty to pay rates and rents, or leave it

alone, or to use our freedom for the annoyance of other people. Freedom and independence of church life ought not to interfere with official unity of action; as an instance, well do I remember a worthy member of a church once, with whom I remonstrated on his miserable parsimoniousness, telling me he was a voluntary! True, I said, you have elected to unite yourself to a voluntary church, but let me tell you that, being within the Church, it is your business and your duty to seek to sustain it; you have elected that you will conscientiously recognise your responsibilities with your privileges—for they must go together—not that you will ignominiously desert them. If you renounce your responsibilities your privileges will renounce you. You and I, Mr. Oldways, have heard a great deal of talk lately of the insecurity of the trust-deeds of numbers of our chapels, and what results? Perhaps, as I have known, at some little, unimportant meeting, two or three laymen, possibly all, or most, quite unknown, are appointed to inquire into the trust-deeds of the chapels of a county, and so the fact of the insufficiency of mere voluntaryism becomes painfully evident; but the result is not an act which has the stamp of official proceedings to which all would pay respect, but a little piece of impertinent, unsanctioned meddling.

*Oldways.* My dear friend, you are getting vehement, and we were



talking about deacons; I don't see that these last remarks of yours bear very much upon that office.

*Newlight.* Oh, yes, very distinctly; in this way, they show that the deacon's office is such, that in innumerable instances, churches cannot be well left to manage themselves. I believe it would be well if all churches and congregations and places of worship, in any town or distinct district, were regarded as one church, with first, second, or third pastor, as the case may be. Very large towns, like Manchester or Bristol, where Congregationalism is very strong, might be divided into districts. Churches would be drawn into unity and order, at present quite unknown, and the minister could not very well be, as he is now, too frequently pushed to the wall, or crucified by little whispering factions. You oftentimes me with my Church proclivities, but in truth I have none: I only see that, excepting in great neighbourhoods, and over churches where pastors of great energy, power, and popularity are presiding, Congregationalism is not working well. How mournful it is to think that in altogether innumerable instances, two or three churches claim each the right to starve a minister for their own particular benefit; a little cluster of deacons—the big men of a little place—keeping those communities separate which, united, might give a fine front to the Christian life of the neighbourhood. The truth is

the Independent minister is not expected to be independent. He will be quite safe while he keeps within the circle of platitudes in the pulpit and permits the deacon to be inverting the intention of the old Pontifical constitutions, "*Episcopi auris, et oculus, item et os cor et anima.*" The minister must neither hear, nor see, nor even say he has a soul apart from him. I am far from thinking that the nature of the deacon's office is the only cause of our failure, but I think it is one of the most considerable.

*Oldways.* I suppose you have no objection to the great doctrine of Congregationalism, all members one in Christ? Congregationalism is the government of the laity. The office of the minister confers upon us no power. He has no Divine authority. The rule is a rule of Scriptural good sense—common sense. You would not wish to make the government of our churches a rule of priests? You would not wish to ignore the lay element?

*Newlight.* No; but I would wish to put a limit on the possibilities of ignorance and impudence. Are all laymen equally fitted by nature or grace to form a sound and clear judgment? And really your remarks would go to the destruction of the ministerial office altogether. What, is the minister to be a mere machine, a vehicle in the hands, moved by the will of laymen? Is he to have no inde-

pendent action, or post, or power, or veto of his own? I fear it is too much so; I fear that our churches have come very much to the pass of saying to the minister, Tell us what we already know, but tax our attention; go an inch beyond this, and we will persecute you, leave you, and starve you. Do we not know these instances? realising very much old Beattie of Mickledale's reply to his minister when he was commended for his extraordinary memory, "No, minister, I have no command of my memory, it only retains what happens to hit my fancy; and, like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end, I might be unable at the close to remember a word of it."

*Oldways.* I am a very old man, and I recoil from change; all my Church ideas have grown up, in a certain order, until lately I had never known what it was to have a deacon who was not to me as a very brother, a dear, most beloved, holy fellow-worker and friend. Old Father Stainton has been by my side for many a long year, but the young folks in our Sunday-school desired a more conspicuous and noisy, a younger and more democratic man. One young friend was so good as to condescend to teach me a little Greek, informing me that "the young men" was the designation of office-bearers in the early Church, and that the *neoterói* were as conspicuous as your old friends the *Diaconoís*.

He must have been reading up in some absurd and shallow paper, without very well understanding its drift or meaning. I told him when it so happened that any remarkable liar fell dead in our chapel, I would send for him to carry out the body, as that seemed to be the only office assigned to the *neoterói*, and the task would not be very seemly or possible either to Father Stainton's aged hands or mine. I told the church that the happiness of my work depended upon my perfect sympathy with the fellow-workers they gave me. The men they have elected have been for years attempting to show that I was quite unfit for my post and place. It is true I have given forty years of my life here, which must be the best of what I had to give; but I am still happy in work; I love it, and long to keep at it. Some of these noisy spirits, wishing to show that I desired to act the part of the Church, quoted, printed, and distributed an extract from an able little essay on the deacon's office, published lately.

The bishop, consequently, has no control over the deacons, for they are not "his," but the Church's. The deacons in like manner have no control over the bishop, for he is not "theirs," but, together with them, is a servant of the Church for the Lord's sake. The corruption of the diaconal order, from the second and third centuries downward, may be traced to the obscuration of the above principle. Deacons came to be regarded as the servants of the bishop. As a consequence, they became allied more to him than to

the Church, and hence, in due time their elevation to what is termed, in some sections of the Church, the sacerdotal order. There grew out of this tendency a further confusion of the objects of their office, by giving to one of their number, sometimes to the senior, and sometimes to the favourite of the bishop, the title of archdeacon,—a title that has perpetuated itself in the Episcopalian Church of this land. Thus, considered as the bishops' ministers (which is a far different thing from being appointed to assist the bishops in certain departments of labour), they became entirely dependent upon them, and were accordingly chosen and ordained by the bishops, and not elected in accordance with apostolical precedents.\*

Somehow all this is very different to the memories of my old childhood. My earliest religious days were spent in one of those old, square, three-galleried chapels, then very sparsely distributed over our land; the congregation was a large one, but, in our narrow neighbourhood, I knew almost every soul of it, although a child. It seems to me, that all the members respected each other, and loved each other. Our minister, venerable old Mr. Shipton, was as the father of our little community, the deacons were characters scarcely less awful and imposing than he, although they had not his black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, low shoes, with silver buckles, and gold-headed cane; but whenever they came to have a cup of tea at our house,

and that was not very infrequent, the occasion was almost as great and noteworthy as a visit from the minister himself. They were men of very good repute in the town (I am afraid character is held more cheaply now that it was then), and they moved about among the people without bustle and without excitement—peacemakers; they made the minister acquainted with the minds and character of his people; they were his friends; his reputation did not need much guarding, but even of the best of characters sometimes quiet words are as drops of water to extinguish smouldering sparks, and to put things right. I don't quite recollect how old I was, but I think I must have been about seven or eight, when we had an extraordinary service at our chapel: it was upon the occasion of the ordination of these seven to the deacon's office. I have never seen a more solemn service at the ordination of a minister; the chapel was crowded, it was a public service, but all the members of our own, or members of neighbouring churches of our order, sat downstairs; members of our own congregation, and other neighbouring congregations, were in the gallery; the whole chapel was quite thronged, even to the little dovecots over the front gallery, where we children of the Sunday-school were wont to sit on Sabbaths. We had several neighbouring ministers, and all took part very gravely in the service, the

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\* *The Office of Deacon.* Essay by Rev. E. Dennett, 1863.



length of which, I am afraid, would quite weary out modern patience, which is but a poor shallow thing excepting for concerts and public meetings. Well, after singing and prayer, Father Shipton stated upon whom the lot of the church had fallen; there they all sat before him. With this he gave an account of the origin and nature of the deacon's office, and then, standing up, he ordained them by laying his hand upon them and blessing them, and offering solemn prayer over them. After another hymn, Father Layton gave a charge to the newly-ordained men, and to my fancy, through all these years, it seems a very wonderful and eloquent charge; but he was a very learned and eloquent man, though quite of the old school, Father Layton. And then the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to all the members of the church, and of the other churches present, the newly-elected deacons carrying round the elements. It was summer evening when the service began. I recollect the beautiful laburnum and lilac trees waving gently by the summer breath, by the lower windows of the chapel, opposite to the corner of the gallery where I sat; the quiet, pensive blue of the sky and green of the gardens, and the earth faded out and yielded to the deep summer twilight. It was deep twilight, almost night, while the last part of the service was going on, but you will scarcely

believe me when I tell you the service began at five o'clock. There was no gas in those days, and our candles, on the winter Sunday evenings, gave a dim sputtering glimmer, and often wanted snuffing (like many another pretentious light, which if it could get rid of something of itself, would get rid of so much of its darkness). Well, somehow I fancy that service coloured all my young impressions about deacons. I saw that the minister was the chief office-bearer, but I saw that the deacons had their claim on reverence too; and often in these days, when such a service would not to be tolerated, when it would seem something priestly and Popish, the memory of that old mystical scene, the float of the old hymns to tunes they would not allow us to sing now, the silence of the whole scene while the ordinance was going on, and the unheard wave of the old laburnum and lilac trees before my child eyes, produce in me quite another set of impressions to those which most people have when they talk about deacons.

*Newlight.* Yes, I suppose they did ordain deacons once, although I do not think it very well authenticated in our polity; it seems to me the only effect would be to make most of the gentlemen the more impertinent and intolerant than they are now.

*Oldways.* As to their ordination, there can be no doubt of

that, it is not worth referring to; but if you like to take them down, there are John Robinson's works, and Punchard's view of Congregationalism; and Dr. Dwight, and Dr. Leonard Bacon, and Dr. Enoch Pond, would all bear out the practice I witnessed when I was a child; and why not make every office in Christ's Church venerable and beautiful?

*Newlight.* Your writers are all American. I incline to believe they have managed their Congregationalism in America better than we have done, or are likely to do, in England. Very well, then, you must adopt some expedient to fix always, or as often as possible, upon venerable and beautiful men; I think that picture of yours is perfectly beautiful; I never saw anything like it in my experience of the deacon's office, but what I see is this—you are speaking of times when men lived close to one another, when they reposed on each other in mutual confidence and trust, or when they were cut off by sharp lines, as effective as mountain chains or broad rivers; it is not so now; society is mixed. An old minister said to me the other day, "In the congregation in which I worshipped, when I was a boy, there was no promiscuousness, no miscellaneousness, and especially no scepticism. If a person was seen attending three or four times at the house of God, he was supposed to be one under convictions; he

was talked to, invited, visited, and prayed for, and in most instances before long came thoroughly through the Church." I fancy there was a much higher mark upon the consistency of the Church in those days; even the congregation was good, the members of the church of the best; the deacons of the best of the best; the minister was regarded with greater reverence still, as the best of the very best: But now, dear Father Oldways, look round among the deacons you know, and fancy such a service held over them.

*Oldways.* I know some who might safely go through it; I have known some, I have worked with some. There are some in heaven who to me were "lovely and pleasant in their lives," and there are some on earth still, and *some with whom I labour still.*

*Newlight.* But that is hardly the question. It is not here or there in the isolated instance; how does the office work in general? Has it not deteriorated with the times? Let things be as they were of old, your quiet little rural church and ideal excellence has the mark of the Christian life—a reticent behaviour, a sense of human obligation, and a sense of homage to education and authority; with sentiments like these, and with times when none of the great waves of thought or action are beating round the Church, it may be possible to get on; but even then, I think some qualifica-

tion, some protection of the office itself, or the people, or the pastor, would be needed. How much more in times like these, when religious profession is so very general, and religious life the rarest spectacle; when it is so easy to join a church, and so possible to use the fellowship for sinister purposes. I fall back upon the sentiment I expressed just now. I am obliged to revise my ideas of Church government and polity altogether. The deacon's office seems to me something like Holmes's story of "The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay, the Deacon's Masterpiece":—

In building of chaises, I'll tell you what  
There's always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—  
In iron-tire, felloe, in 'spring or thill,  
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, throughbrace—lurking still,—  
Find it *somewhere* you must and will,  
Above or below, or within, or without.  
And that's the reason beyond a doubt,  
A *chaise* breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

The deacon's office, I fancy, "breaks down" if it "is not worn out."

*Oldways.* Yes; and I heard, as I said, of your coquetting with the bishop. And so you are ceasing to be a Congregational?

*Newlight.* No, I think not, except it be in the feeling, amounting to a conviction, that visible church membership, "the right hand of fellowship," is not the essential mark of those who

only constitute a spiritual society called the Church, nor does it seem clear to me that our order of Congregationalism is unquestionably the only Church which has Divine authority for it. Scripture leaves much to expediency and good sense. What a multitude of expedients we avail ourselves of, of which we have not a relic in the New Testament account of a Church. Our Sundayschool teachers are really analogous to your *neoteroi* (the young men). I have no doubt that we obtain from the New Testament an approximate idea of the constitution of a Church, but it is pitiable to hear men talk of what the New Testament enjoins, slavishly binding themselves down to a narrow routine fit for the Church's infant day, while they take a wide margin in matters where Scripture may evidently be inferred, but where the letter is silent. Do you not think, as I said just now, we want a little common sense to be brought to bear upon our church matters? I went to see an obstinate old member of mine the other day, who has taken it into his absurd old head, that while he has ceased to attend my ministry, given up his sitting, retired from all sympathy in connection with our chapel and chapel work, he may yet retain his membership on the church books, although he has united himself with another place of worship, and is one of mine and our church's bitterest enemies. I



remonstrated with him, but he told me that he should attend the ordinance once in six months, and so long as he did that he defied us to erase his name, and he was fulfilling all the conditions of the New Testament. We have taught the old gentleman a different lesson; but you see the old and the new idea of the Church clash. That church of your infancy, Father Oldways, was very narrow, but it was very intense; the idea very much amounted to the conviction that there was no salvation out of that personal profession. The right hand of fellowship was very much what the drop of baptismal water was to the High Churchman,—it was the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace, and where the outward and visible sign was not, there the unfortunates were dealt with as heathen and gentiles, and left to “the uncovenanted mercies of God.” The Church was intensely jealous of its doctrine, and the purity of its communion; members trembled as they were received into fellowship, and a thrill of horror would have passed through the assembled Church, at the administration of the ordinance to one who had not given full proof, not only of Christian experience, but of the exact limitations of it, and its entire harmony with a scheme of doctrine. The new order of things has changed all that; even in most of our remote churches, there

never could be a very Scriptural account given of such narrowness. Such a church was a kind of *rehmic* tribunal—a sort of secret court called into existence, by persecuting times, when Congregationalism had to avow itself with bated breath, and jealously watch the features of every one who sought admission within the circle,—the Church claimed the Divine impress and Royal Hall mark for all its acts and ordinances. But how different now! Amidst the large tides of people who flock into our churches, numbers receive the ordinance who are not in communion, and such freedom is, to my mind, very beautiful. I would administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to any soul I believed to be sincerely desirous and worthy, and there are not many instances in which I could dare to judge of the worth.

*Oldways.* No, no, no. I must protest against such ideas of Church-fellowship; they are altogether opposed to my sense of Congregational government.

*Newlight.* Stop a bit; don't interrupt me; with all respect, Father, practically it does not matter much whether you are opposed or not. The truth is, you see you are in the minority; your ideas of Church government are left behind; they neither suit the largeness of the New Testament nor the multitudes, and I fear I must add the indifference of the age in which we live.

Union with the Church, as we understand it, I conceive to be now only and merely a form of external health; it is no doubt still a very public profession of Christ, and it is a great shield to character; but principally the inquisition made when members unite themselves with churches must be for the satisfaction of the members of the church itself, and dares not to involve any expression of unrelatedness to Christ's own kingdom of heaven and of grace, as in the old *régime*. Well do I remember a refractory member of mine demurring to submit to some needful authority, threatening to fly for shelter within the comprehensive arms of the Church of England, "where," said he, "I shall be asked no questions," and "where," I added, "no layman will possess the power to annoy and disturb by the possession of any power." Our whole church ideas are undergoing revision—they are becoming freer, more largely in sympathy with highest truth; the soul of man is left more to itself,—its growth is not impertinently watched. Now, how monstrous it must seem, if you attempt to hoop and band the larger influence in the old small meter, and make your old candlestick serve for a gasometer; in fact, you think I talk crudely. You have not only the advantage over me of age, but all your views and opinions are distinct, clear, and very sharply cut; but, dear old Father, it does not follow, be-

cause a theory seems very perfect, that it should be perfectly true, and it certainly is not an assurance of its truth, that it is very narrow and unfitted to meet the demands of the age in which it is working.

*Oldways.* My poor old head is quite perplexed; we began to talk about deacons, and what is all this long discoursing of yours to that question?

*Newlight.* Only this, that if we would not find ourselves entirely left in the rear, we must entirely recast our scheme of Church government. I have said before, Congregationalism is the loosest thing in Christendom; according to it, every man who happens to be in a church, may do as he likes in it; there is no possibility of umpirage or final appeal, to which parties must, at the peril of the church-fellowship, bow; there is scarcely a possibility of independence; a minister finds himself at the mercy of a clique held together by family ties, or by business considerations. You know where to look, not very far from here; you know that noisy, pushing Dr. Blimber, always a turbulent spirit in a church we know of. I have heard that he contrives to carry his influence very greatly through his butcher; his large establishment takes much every year from old Simon Butcher. Dr. Blimber, in the course of his agitation, has sometimes espoused one side, and sometimes another;

but Butcher has only one side, and that is Blimber's. In the very same church, I have known a building society to be a bond of union between men who were never seen at church-meetings, unless to create an agitation, and never attended a prayer-meeting, or any church means for the advancement of the religious life. Now, of course, such people may fancy themselves best fitted for office, and such people can use their own means to get into office too, or if not elected, have little hesitation in breaking a minister's heart, or rending a church's peace. I would, therefore, that there should be some distinct limitation put by constitutional government upon the possibility of such agitations or the power of such agitators. It may frequently happen that the future of the Church, and the well-being and life of souls, is at the mercy of a few factious spirits, "who neither fear God nor regard man." I am not greatly in favour of Presbyterianism; but every kind and order of our United Presbyterians, Free Church, or National Church of Scotland, all seem to work better than most of our English denominations. How is this?

*Oldways.* It will not be done, brother—it cannot be done; there is not *esprit de corps* enough in Congregationalism to bring about any such conscientiousness of action.

*Newlight.* I think with you;

but so much the worse, then, for Congregationalism, if our country is to be covered with little conventicles where, after the first enthusiasm of the erection has subsided, there is a yearning for stimulating food, and an incessant wrangling among the members, and from whence, at personal will, without any consultation with the presbyters of the neighbourhood, any little faction may go off, and start a new cause; if there is no sense of respectability and authority, and disaffected members may run from one church, and whatever their character may have been, find a welcome in another; so much the worse for Congregationalism. Quieter spirits will seek some system of Church government, which preserves all rights untouched, guarding the minister, the officers, and the Church itself, and I believe such is to be found, if there could be some enlargement and modification of the plan of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion; it would meet many a requirement of our times. We want an independency which shall acknowledge mutual relations, which shall not be at the mercy of democratic and self-willed factions, which shall not be disposed to weigh you, a minister and father of all these years, in the same scale against, it may be, the broad-shouldered, blustering bully, or a boy or girl who have scarcely learned the first letters in the alphabet of the



school of grace, and shall say their voice and word are worth as much as yours. The truth is, a Congregational minister is almost the only profession I know of which becomes worthless with age; a lawyer looks towards the bench or the woolsack as his years increase; a clergyman may hope for a deanery or a bishopric. Considerably after the prime of life, a physician or surgeon ripens in wisdom, to the very close. An aged Congregational minister is a useless creature. His own church probably longs to get rid of him—to exchange him for some dear young brother, while his age presents an insuperable barrier to his acceptance by any other Church. No Congregational minister ought to survive his fiftieth year—the church of which he is pastor will probably long to be rid of him—and at that age what other will take him? My experience of the deacon's office so exactly coincides with what I find written by Mr. Dennett in his Essay on the Deacon's office, that I will beg your permission to read to you what he says:—

Let the office, therefore, be never held longer than its occupants are capable and faithful in the discharge of its duties.

(Ah, but suppose they won't go out, or if they go, go out like the unclean spirit, tearing, rending,

and foaming. I have known such a case.)

The want of system, in the administration of diaconal duties, is another most common and most injurious abuse. This remark will apply with most force to our small churches. In these it is often found that though there may be four or five (or more) members of the diaconate, no one has any special duties assigned to him, beyond those connected with the treasurership and the office of precentor. Whatever has to be done, is either left undone or done by all indifferently. Take a single illustration. Pew-rents are often collected in one of two ways. Sometimes they are received in the vestry after the services; and sometimes collected generally by the deacons from those who are in their neighbourhood, or on some other occult principle of division. The consequence is, first, that very often there will be a large amount of outstanding arrears; secondly, that the stipend of the minister is never punctually paid (the secret of half the heartburnings), but reaches him in dribblets.

In support of these statements it may be mentioned, that in one church, where these abuses grew and flourished, *the accession of a deacon who looked especially to, and introduced method in, the finances, led to the increase of the general income by £60 per annum.*

A wise deacon is a minister's best blessing, and I know an instance perfectly parallel to Mr. Dennett's. On the contrary, a needy deacon loves to hold the strings.

*Oldways.* Well, we have been talking a good while, and have

meditated on some ugly things, but we have settled nothing, nor can we settle anything; but I should like to renew the conversation with you soon, on some of the essential points of Church government, on which you have just touched; for the present I think we must close this matter. Let us, however, renew the talk in some other aspects over an early cup of

tea. You remember the parable about certain soles who, because they did a very useful work in their way, wanted to be elected to the office of upper leathers, but they were judged unfit for both offices, and only found themselves consigned prematurely to the dust-bin. It is the story of many a quarrelsome office-seeker.

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